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AND

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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Idler in France.* By the Countess of Blessington. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841. Col. burn.

AFTER the very pleasant idleness which Lady Blessington bestowed on Italy, her readers will be glad to see the sequel in similar sketches of France. The modest title proclaims the nature of the work and the extent of its ambition: and it is, in the main, a light and lively description of French society previous to and at the revolution of July 1830. But there are also other features which merit notice. Lady Blessington not only paints men and manners well; there runs throughout all her writings a vein of amiable feeling which happily is displayed in her estimates of character and her more grave reflections upon matters of human conduct and interest.

Grace, refinement, and delicacy, never desert her pen; and without the common cant of sensibility, the best sympathies of the heart are awakened and pointed by the genuine benevolence of the sentiments she invariably inculcates from the incidents before her. We cannot help transferring (in some measure) our admiration of these qualities to the author; and on this ground we shall not be critical upon her ladyship's provoking lapse into the *initial* fashion, making the people mentioned often no better than big A. B. C's.

With regard to the *personals* in this production it is gratifying to observe, that in speaking of the many distinguished individuals who fell in her way Lady B. mingles liberality with truth; and in telling us of her own immediate concerns, house-hunting, furnishing, shopping, &c. &c. &c. takes care to make it subservient to illustrations of Parisian customs and manners. The difficulty of giving opinions of living persons has been overcome by the former course, for the traits are correct, though the constructions are generous; and by the latter the charge of being egotistic is, where the pronoun *I* must be much used, as far as possible avoided.

With this very short introduction we shall, not idly, fill up the time of our friends with some specimens of the publication. Returning from Italy *via* Nîmes, Arles, Lyons, &c., Lady Blessington gives us very clever accounts of the antiquities she saw in the south of France; and on one occasion offers the following just remarks:—

"The transportation of antiquities from their original site can never be excused, except in cases where it was the only means of insuring their preservation. All the power of association is lost when they are transferred to other places; and the view of them ceases to afford that satisfaction experienced when beheld where they were primarily destined to stand. I can no more fancy the *Maison Carrée* appropriately placed in the bustle and gaiety of Paris, than I could endure to see one of the temples at *Pæstum* stuck down at Charing Cross. One loves, when contemplating such precious memorials of antiquity, to look around on the objects in nature, still wearing the same aspect as when they were reared. The hills and mountains, unlike the productions of man, change not; and nowhere can the fragments of a bygone age ap-

pear to such advantage as on the spots selected for their erection, where their vicinity to peculiar scenery had been taken into consideration."

And pursuing the train of thoughts inspired by a ruined temple:—

"Silence and solitude reign around it, and wild fig-trees enwreath with their luxuriant foliage the opening made by Time, and half conceal the wounds inflicted by barbarian hands. I could have spent hours in this desecrated temple, pondering on the brevity of life, as compared with its age. There is something pure and calm in such a spot, that influences the feelings of those who pause in it; and by reminding them of the inevitable lot of all sublunary things, render the cares incidental to all who breathe, less acutely felt for the time. Is not every ruin a history of the fate of generations, which century after century has seen pass away?—generations of mortals like ourselves, who have been moved by the same passions, and vexed by the same griefs; like us, who were instinct with life and spirit, yet whose very dust has disappeared. Nevertheless, we can yield to the futile pleasures, or to the petty ills of life, as if their duration was to be of long extent, unmindful that ages hence, others will visit the objects we now behold, and find them little changed, while we shall have in our turn passed away, leaving behind no trace of our existence. I never see a beautiful landscape, a noble ruin, or a glorious fane, without wishing that I could bequeath to those who will come to visit them when I shall be no more the tender thoughts that filled my soul when contemplating them; and thus, even in death, create a sympathy."

This is sweetly natural and touching, and could only flow from a mind finely touched; and yet there is as much of *naïveté* as of melancholy in the narrative; for we have only to pass on to a nice old hotel at Arles to be told,—

"Arles is certainly one of the most interesting towns I have ever seen, whether viewed as a place remarkable for the objects of antiquity it contains, or for the primitive manners of its inhabitants, and its picturesque appearance. The quays are spacious and well built, presenting a very different aspect to the streets; for the former are very populous, being frequented by the boatmen who ply their busy commerce between Lyons and Marseilles—dépôts for the merchandise being erected along them, while the latter are comparatively deserted. With this facility of communication with two such flourishing towns, it is extraordinary that Arles should have so long retained the primitive simplicity that seems to pervade it, and that a good hotel has not yet been established here. Our good hostess provided nearly as substantial a supper for us last night, as the early dinner served up on our arrival, and again presided at the repast, pressing us to eat, and recommending, with genuine kindness, the various specimens of dainties set before us. Our beds, though homely, were clean; and I have seldom, in the most luxurious ones, reposed equally soundly. When our courier asked for the bill this morning, the landlady declared she 'knew not what to charge; that she never was in the habit of making out bills; and that we must

give her what we thought right.' The courier urged the necessity of having a regular bill, explaining to her that he was obliged to file all bills, and produce them every week for the arrangement of his accounts,—but in vain: she could not, she declared, make one out; and no one in her house was more expert than herself. She came to us, laughing and protesting, and ended by saying, 'Pay what you like; things are very cheap at Arles. You have eaten very little; really, it is not worth charging for.' But, when we persisted on having her at least name a sum, to our infinite surprise she asked if a couple of louis would be too much? And this for a party of six, and six servants, for two days! We had some difficulty in inducing her to accept a suitable indemnification, and parted, leaving her proclaiming what she was pleased to consider our excessive generosity, and reiterating her good wishes."

We are speedily brought to Paris, where the following passage occurs on the meeting of friends after long absence:—

"It was a happy evening. Seated in the *salon*, and looking out on the pleasant gardens of the Tuilleries, the perfume of whose orange-trees was wafted to us by the air as we talked over old times, and indulged in cheerful anticipations of new ones, and the tones of voices familiar to the ears thus again restored, were heard with emotion. Yes, the meeting of dear friends atones for the regret of separation; and, like it, so much enhances affection, that after absence one wonders how one has been able to stay away from them so long. Too excited to sleep, although fatigued, I am writing down my impressions; yet how tame and colourless they seem on paper when compared with the emotions that dictate them! How often have I experienced the impossibility of painting strong feelings during their reign! [*Mem.*—We should be cautious in giving implicit credit to descriptions written with great power, as I am persuaded they indicate a too perfect command of the faculties of the head to admit the possibility of those of the heart having been much excited when they were written. This belief of mine controverts the assertion of the poet:—

'He best can paint them who has felt them most.'

Except that the poet says who *has* felt; yet, it is after, and not when most felt, that sentiments can be most powerfully expressed. But to bed! to bed!"]

It is memory alone which can recall the finest emotions; and the very act of writing them down, or attempting to describe or fix them when they occupy the soul, would destroy them. Sterne seems to us to have possessed the greatest powers of this kind,—powers that could revive in minutie and intensity the impressions which had been excited by preceding circumstances. Every one who has tried to do so must have become aware of the faintness and indistinctness of the images attempted to be restored; and it is, in truth, in proportion to the precision with which we can accomplish this, that the purest conceptions and highest flights of the mind are made more or less manifest, and deserve the epithet of genius or commonplace. But we leave metaphysical disqui-

sitions for acute observations on national peculiarities:—

"*A propos*," says our author, "of manners, I am struck with the great difference between those of Frenchmen and Englishmen of the same station in life. The latter treat women with a politeness that seems the result of habitual amenity; the former with a homage that appears to be inspired by the peculiar claims of the sex, particularised in the individual woman, and is consequently more flattering. An Englishman seldom lays himself out to act the agreeable to women; a Frenchman never omits an opportunity of so doing: hence the attentions of the latter are less gratifying than those of the former, because a woman, however free from vanity, may suppose that when an Englishman takes the trouble—and it is evidently a trouble, more or less, to all our islanders to enact the agreeable—she has really inspired him with the desire to please. In France, a woman may forget that she is neither young nor handsome; for the absence of these claims to attention does not expose her to be neglected by the male sex. In England, the elderly and the ugly 'could a tale unfold' of the *naïveté* with which men evince their sense of the importance of youth and beauty, and their oblivion of the presence of those who have neither. France is the paradise for old women, particularly if they are *spirituelle*; but England is the purgatory."

The tone of society at Paris is very agreeable. Literature, the fine arts, and the general occurrences of the day, furnish the topics for conversation, from which ill-natured remarks are exploded. A ceremoniousness of manner, reminding one of *La Vieille Cour*, and probably rendered *à la mode* by the restoration of the Bourbons, prevails, as well as a strict observance of deferential respect from the men towards the women; while these last seem to assume that superiority accorded to them in manner, if not entertained in fact, by the sterner sex. The attention paid by young men to old women in Parisian society is very edifying, and any breach of it would be esteemed nothing short of a crime. This attention is not evinced by any flattery, except the most delicate—a profound silence when these belles of other days recount anecdotes of their own times, or comment on the occurrences of ours, or by an alacrity to perform the little services of picking up a fallen *mouchoir de poche*, *bouquet*, or fan, placing a shawl, or handing to a carriage. If flirtations exist at Paris, they certainly are not exhibited in public; and those between whom they are supposed to be established, observe a ceremonious decorum towards each other, well calculated to throw discredit on the supposition. This appearance of reserve may be termed hypocrisy; nevertheless, even the semblance of propriety is advantageous to the interests of society; and the entire freedom from those marked attentions, engrossing conversations, and from that familiarity of manner often permitted in England, without even a thought of evil on the part of the women who permit these indiscretions, leaves to Parisian circles an air of greater dignity and decorum, although I am not disposed to admit that the persons who compose them really possess more dignity or decorum than my compatriots.

French society has decidedly one great superiority over English, and that is its freedom from those topics which too often engross so considerable a portion of male conversation, even in the presence of ladies, in England. I have often passed the evening previously and subsequently to a race, in which many of the men present

took a lively interest, without ever hearing it made the subject of conversation. Could this be said of a party in England on a similar occasion? Nor do the men here talk of their shooting and hunting before women, as with us. This is a great relief; for in England many a woman is doomed to listen to interminable tales of slaughtered grouse, partridges, and pheasants; of hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field,' and venturous leaps, the descriptions of which leave one in doubt whether the narrator or his horse be the greater animal of the two, and render the poor listener more fatigued by the recital than either was by the longest chase. A dissertation on the comparative merits of Manton's, Lancaster's, and Moore's guns, and the advantage of percussion locks, it is true, generally diversifies the conversation. Then how edifying it is to hear the pedigrees of horses—the odds for and against the favourite winning such or such a race—the good and bad books of the talkers—the hedging or backing of the bettors! Yet all this are women condemned to hear on the eve of a race, or during the shooting or hunting season, should their evil stars bring them into the society of any of the Nimrods or sportsmen of the day, who think it not only allowable to devote nearly all their time to such pursuits, but to talk of little else. The woman who aims at being popular in her county must not only listen patiently, but evince a lively interest in these intellectual occupations; while, if the truth was confessed, she is thoroughly *ennuyée* by these details of them; or if not, it must be inferred that she has lost much of the refinement of mind and taste peculiar to the well-educated portion of her sex. I do not object to men liking racing, hunting, and shooting. The first preserves the breed of horses, for which England is so justly celebrated, and hunting keeps up the skill in horsemanship, in which our men excel. What I do object to is their making these pursuits the constant topics of conversation before women, instead of selecting those more suitable to the tastes and habits of the latter. There is none of the affectation of avoiding subjects supposed to be uninteresting to women visible in the men here. They do not utter with a smile—half pity, half condescension,—'we must not talk politics before the ladies;' they merely avoid entering into discussions, or exhibiting party spirit, and shew their deference for female society by speaking on literature, on which they politely seem to take for granted that women are well informed. Perhaps this deferential treatment of the gentler sex may not be wholly caused by the good breeding of the men in France; for I strongly suspect that the women here would be very little disposed to submit to the *nonchalance* that prompts the conduct I have referred to in England, and that any man who would make his horse or his field-sports the topic of discourse in their presence, would soon find himself expelled from their society. Frenchwomen still think, and with reason, that they govern the tone of the circles in which they move, and look with jealousy on any infringement of the respectful attention they consider to be their due."

The following are more general and entertaining:—

"It is astonishing how little people observe each other in society! This inattention, originating in a good breeding that proscribes personal observation, has degenerated into something that approaches very nearly to total indifference; and I am persuaded that a man might die at table, seated between two others,

without their being aware of it, until he dropped from his chair. Civilisation has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and I think the consciousness that one might expire between one's neighbours at table without their noticing it, is hardly atoned for by knowing that they will not stare one out of countenance. I often think, as I look around at a large dinner-party, how few present have the slightest knowledge of what is passing in the minds of the others. The smile worn on many a face may be assumed to conceal a sadness which those who feel it are but too well aware would meet with little sympathy, for one of the effects of modern civilisation is the disregard for the cares of others, which it engenders. Madame de — once said to me, 'I never invite Monsieur de —, because he looks unhappy, and as if he expected to be questioned as to the cause.' This naïve confession of Madame de — is what few would make, but the selfishness that dictated it is what society, *en masse*, feels and acts up to. Monsieur de —, talking of London last evening, told the Count — to be on his guard not to be too civil to people when he got there. The Count — looked astonished, and inquired the reason for the advice. 'Merely to prevent your being suspected of having designs on the hearts of the women, or the purses of the men,' replied Monsieur de —; 'for no one can evince in London society the *empressment* peculiar to well-bred Frenchmen without being accused of some unworthy motive for it.' I defended my countrymen against the sweeping censure of the cynical Monsieur de —, who shook his head, and declared that he spoke from observation. He added, that persons more than usually polite are always supposed to be poor in London; and that as this supposition was the most injurious to their reception in good society, he always counselled his friends, when about to visit it, to assume a *brusquerie* of manner, and a stinginess with regard to money, by which means they were sure to escape the suspicion of poverty; as in England a parsimonious expenditure and bluntness are supposed to imply the possession of wealth. I ventured to say that I could now understand why it was that he passed for being so rich in England—a *coup de patte* that turned the laugh against him. M. de — is a perfect cynic, and piques himself on saying what he thinks,—a habit more frequently adopted by those who think disagreeable, than agreeable things."

The difference between London and Parisian shopkeepers is whimsically portrayed in the annexed:—

"I am sometimes amused, but more frequently irritated, by observing the *mœurs Parisiennes*, particularly in the shopkeepers. The airs of self-complacency, amounting almost to impertinence, practised by this class, cannot fail to surprise persons accustomed to the civility and assiduity of those in London, who, whether the purchases made in their shops be large or small, evince an equal politeness to the buyers. In Paris, the tradesman assumes the right of dictating to the taste of his customers; in London, he only administers to it. Enter a Parisian shop, and ask to be shewn velvet, silk, or riband, to assort with a pattern you have brought of some particular colour or quality, and the mercer, having glanced at it somewhat contemptuously, places before you six or eight pieces of a different tint and texture. You tell him that they are not similar to the pattern, and he answers, 'That may be; nevertheless, his goods are of the

newest fashion, and infinitely superior to your model.' You say, 'You prefer the colour of your pattern, and must match it.' He produces half-a-dozen pieces still more unlike what you require; and to your renewed assertion that no colour but the one similar to your pattern will suit you, he assures you, that his goods are superior to all others, and that what you require is out of fashion, and a very bad article, and, consequently, that you had much better abandon your taste and adopt his. This counsel is given without any attempt at concealing the contempt the giver of it entertains for your opinion, and the perfect satisfaction he indulges for his own. You once more ask, 'If he has got nothing to match the colour you require?' and he shrugs his shoulders and answers, '*Pourtant, madame, what I have shewn you is much superior.*' 'Very possible; but no colour will suit me but this one,' holding up the pattern; 'for I want to replace a breadth of a new dress to which an accident has occurred.' '*Pourtant, madame, my colours are precisely the same, but the quality of the materials is infinitely better!*' and with this answer, after having lost half-an-hour—if not double that time—you are compelled to be satisfied, and leave the shop, its owner looking as if he considered you a person of decidedly bad taste, and very troublesome into the bargain. Similar treatment awaits you in every shop; the owners having, as it appears to me, decided on shewing you only what they approve, and not what you seek.

If an Englishwoman enters a glover's or shoemaker's shop, these worthies will only shew her the largest gloves or shoes they have in their *magasins*, so persuaded are they that she cannot have a small hand or foot; and when they find their wares too large, and are compelled to search for the smallest size, they seem disposed as well as surprised, and inform the lady that they had no notion '*une dame Anglaise* could want small gloves or shoes.'

This is further illustrated with other like ideas:—

'I am often amused, and sometimes provoked, by witnessing the prejudices that still exist in France with regard to the English. These prejudices prevail in all ranks, and are, I am disposed to think, incurable. They extend to trivial, as well as to more grave matters, and influence the opinions pronounced on all subjects. An example of this prejudice occurred a few weeks ago, when one of our most admired *belles* from London having arrived at Paris, her personal appearance was much canvassed. One person found her too tall, another discovered that she had too much *embonpoint*, and a third said her feet were much too large. A Frenchman, when appealed to for his opinion, declared '*Elle est très bien pour une Anglaise.*'

That an Englishwoman can be witty, or brilliant in conversation, the French either doubt or profess to doubt; but if convinced against their will they exclaim, '*C'est drôle, madame a l'esprit éminemment Français.*' Now this no Englishwoman has, or, in my opinion, can have; for it is peculiar, half-natural and half-acquired. Conversation, in France, is an art successfully studied; to excel in which, not only much natural talent is required, but great fluency and a happy choice of words is indispensable. No one in Parisian society speaks ill, and many possess a readiness of wit, and a facility of turning it to account, that I have never seen exemplified in women of other countries. A Frenchwoman talks well on every subject, from those of the most grave political

importance to the *dernière mode*. Her talent in this art is daily exercised, and consequently becomes perfected; while an Englishwoman, with more various and solid attainments, rarely, if ever, arrives at the ease and self-confidence which would enable her to bring the treasures with which her mind is stored into play. So generally is the art of conversation cultivated in France, that even those with abilities that rise not beyond mediocrity can take their parts in it, not only without exposing the poverty of their intellects, but with even a show of talent that often imposes on strangers. An Englishwoman, more concentrated in her feelings as well as in her pursuits, seldom devotes the time given by Frenchwomen to the superficial acquisition of a versatility of knowledge, which, though it enables them to converse fluently on various subjects, she would dread entering on, unless well versed in. My fair compatriots have consequently fewer topics, even if they had equal talent, to converse on; so that the *esprit* styled, *par excellence, l'esprit éminemment Français*, is precisely that to which we can urge the fewest pretensions. This does not, however, dispose me to depreciate a talent, or art, for art it may be called, that renders society in France not only so brilliant but so agreeable, and which is attended with the salutary effect of banishing the ill-natured observations and personal remarks which too often supply the place of more harmless topics with us.

With two or three brief sentences more we must now, however, dismiss the *Iller in France*. Here are amusing anecdotes of cookery:—

'Lord — wishing to have a particular sauce made which he had tasted in London, and for which he got the receipt, he explained to his cook, an artist of great celebrity, how the component parts were to be amalgamated. 'How, my lord!' exclaimed *Monsieur le cuisinier*; 'an English sauce! Is it possible your lordship can taste any thing so barbarous? Why, years ago, my lord, a profound French philosopher described the English as a people who had a hundred religions, but only one sauce.' More anxious to get the desired sauce than to defend the taste of his country, or correct the impertinence of his cook, Lord — immediately said, 'On recollection, I find I made a mistake; the sauce I mean is *à la Hollandaise*, and not *à l'Anglaise*.' '*A la bonheur*, my lord, *c'est autre chose*;' and the sauce was forthwith made, and was served at table the day we dined with Lord —. An anecdote is told of this same cook, which Lord — relates with great good humour. The cook of another English nobleman conversing with him, said, 'My master is like yours—a great *gourmand*.' 'Pardon me,' replied the other; 'there is a vast difference between our masters. Yours is simply a *gourmand*, mine is an epicure as well.' The Duc de Talleyrand, dining with us a few days ago, observed that to give a perfect dinner, the Amphytrion should have a French cook for soups, *entrées*, and *entremets*; an English *rotisseur*, and an Italian *confiseur*, as without these, a dinner could not be faultless. 'But, alas!' said he—and he smiled while he spoke it—'the Revolution has destroyed our means of keeping these artists; and we eat now to support nature, instead of, as formerly, when we ate because it was a pleasure to eat.' The good-natured Duc, nevertheless, seemed to eat his dinner as if he still continued to take a pleasure in the operation, and did ample justice to a certain

*plat des cailles farcies*, which he pronounced to be perfect."

Opposed to the pleasures of the table, may be the pleasures of study, the gratification of the intellectual appetite. The following we have read with delight:—

'We passed through the quarter of Paris known as the Pays Latin, the aspect of which is singular, and is said to have been little changed during the last century. The houses, chiefly occupied by literary men, look quaint and picturesque. Every man one sees passing has the air of an author, not as authors now are, or at least, as popular ones are, well-clothed and prosperous-looking, but as authors were when genius could not always command a good wardrobe, and walked forth in habiliments more derogatory to the age in which it was neglected, than to the individual whose poverty compelled such attire. Men in rusty threadbare black, with books under the arm, and some with spectacles on nose, reading while they walked along, might be encountered at every step. The women, too in the Pays Latin, have a totally different aspect to those of every other part of Paris. The desire to please, inherent in the female breast, seems to have expired in them, for their dress betrays a total neglect, and its fashion is that of some forty years ago. Even the youthful are equally negligent, which indicates their conviction that the men they meet seldom notice them, proving the truth of the old saying, that women dress to please men. The old, with locks of snow, who had grown into senility in this erudite quarter, still paced the same promenade which they had trodden for many a year, habit having fixed them where hope once led their steps. The middle-aged, too, might be seen with hair beginning to blanch from long hours devoted to the midnight lamp, and faces marked with 'the pale cast of thought.' Hope, though less sanguine in her promises, still lures them on, and they pass the venerable old, unconscious that they themselves are succeeding them in the same life of study, to be followed by the same results, privation, and solitude, until death closes the scene. And yet a life of study is, perhaps, the one, in which the privations, compelled by poverty, are the least felt to be a hardship. Study, like virtue, is its own exceeding great reward, for it engrosses as well as elevates the mind above the sense of the wants so acutely felt by those who have no intellectual pursuits; and many a student has forgotten his own privations when reading the history of the great and good who have been exposed to even still more trying ones. Days pass uncounted in such occupations. Youth fleets away, if not happily, at least tranquilly, while thus employed; and maturity glides into age, and age drops into the grave, scarcely conscious of the gradations of each, owing to the mind having been filled with a continuous train of thought, engendered by study."

What Lady B. says of anonymous libellers may be appropriately quoted here:—

"—complained bitterly to-day of having been attacked by an anonymous scribbler. I was surprised to see a man accounted clever and sensible, so much annoyed by what I consider so wholly beneath his notice. It requires only a knowledge of the world and a self-respect to enable one to treat such attacks with the contempt they merit; and those who allow themselves to be mortified by them must be deficient in these necessary qualifications for passing smoothly through life. It



seems to me to indicate great weakness of mind, when a person permits his peace to be at the mercy of every anonymous scribbler who, actuated by envy or hatred (the invariable causes of such attacks), writes a libel on him. If a person so attacked would but reflect that few, if any, who have acquired celebrity, or have been favoured by fortune, have ever escaped similar assaults, he would be disposed to consider them as the certain proofs of a merit, the general acknowledgment of which has excited the ire of the envious, thus displayed by the only mean within their reach—anonymous abuse. Anonymous assailants may be likened to the cuttle-fish, which employs the inky secretions it forms as a means of tormenting its enemy and baffling pursuit."

With one other reflection we end:—

"— called on me to-day, and talked a good deal of —. I endeavoured to excite sympathy for the unhappy person, but failed in the attempt. The unfortunate generally meet with more blame than pity; for as the latter is a painful emotion, people endeavour to exonerate themselves from its indulgence, by trying to discover some error which may have led to the misfortune they are too selfish to commiserate. Alas! there are but few friends who, like ivy, cling to ruin, and — is not one of these."

It is not possible, we think, to read the passages we have selected without acknowledging how much feminine grace and kind-heartedness pervade these pages; though neither acuteness nor keen perception are wanting. In closing them up we cannot help saying one word, and it is to express our sincere sympathy at the sorrowing and unaffected language in which the author alludes to the loss of her late lord: we have never met with so few words, so gentle, so womanlike, and so affecting, which did more honour to the heart than these simple expressions.

*Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.* By Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," &c. Pp. 392. London, 1841. Fisher, Son, and Co.

*The Manners and Customs of Society in India, &c.* By Mrs. Major Clemons. Pp. 369. London, 1841. Smith, Elder, and Co.

*Sketches in Erris and Tyravely.* By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." Pp. 418. 1841. Dublin: Curry. London: Longman and Co.

HERE are three volumes belonging to the same genus of publication, and descriptive of three different portions of the earth—the Pyrenees, India, and the West of Ireland. They are all, more or less, entertaining. The first, a pleasant guide to the baths; the second, a pleasant account of Oriental habits; and the last, a pleasant *melange* about a picturesque and remote Irish district, little enough known, though touched upon by the spirited pen of Maxwell, among his scenes of "Wild Sports in the West." Of such publications, the best criticism appears to us to be to select a few of the most interesting or amusing extracts, which may be read as a pastime, and leave the books themselves to be perused by those whose curiosity is prompted to seek farther into their details, and require more particular information relating to either locality.

#### THE PYRENEES.

*English in France: French Beggars, &c.*—"We have been told on good authority, that there are residing in Paris between fifteen and twenty thousand English; and in France

altogether, including Paris, sixty thousand; and that their expenditure exceeds four millions sterling annually. That this influx of English people does produce an impression on the minds of the French, favourable to the integrity and good faith of our country, is observable from the extraordinary manner in which the English are trusted in all money matters by the tradespeople here; but there are other impressions received along with this, equally powerful, and perhaps equally just. The same gentleman, for instance, whose statement of the number of visitors I have just copied, in speaking of the English taste for strong wine observed, that our countrymen love the 'wine which speaks to the throat'; and the mayor of Bagneres, during our residence in that neighbourhood, was heard to observe one day, that Bagneres would attract a greater number of English visitors than any other town in the Pyrenees, if he could ensure for them always a clergyman, and—beef, an article of consumption but rarely met with amongst the mountains. The influence of fashionable visitors upon the habits of the people is certainly more visible at Bagneres than elsewhere in this part of France; and there is an air of greater coquetry amongst the young women, whose pretty head-dresses render them almost always attractive. Still, like the inhabitants of half-civilised countries, when they first assume the embellishments of artificial life, there is a discrepancy in their personal adornments, as novel as it is amusing, to an English observer. I thought, for instance, when I had seen a woman without stockings, her bare foot adorned with neat sandals and smart shoes, that I had witnessed a somewhat extraordinary spectacle; but Mr. Ellis afterwards saw a much smarter person in Bagneres without stockings, while her feet were set off to still greater advantage by white satin slippers. The country people, too, in the Valley of Campan, are of a very different order from those of the Valley d'Ossau, probably owing to this district having been for a much longer time the resort of strangers. They are almost all beggars, either positively or indirectly; and time being the only thing of no value amongst them, they run after you with nosebags, and all sorts of things, to obtain a son; while an offer to shew you the grotto is echoed from almost every hill-side. I have seen a youth of seventeen standing all day beside the gate of St. Paul, offering to all who passed by a little rose-bud not bigger than a nut, and I have often been asked to see the grotto after dark in the evening. Their direct beggary is annoying, but not impressive. The beggars by profession begin as soon as you are in sight, with a monotonous drawl of set words, all pronounced on one key, and precisely the same to every passer-by. Perhaps it is well for their own interest that they generally ask you to give for the merit of the gift, or the prayers they promise to breathe for you, for certainly there is nothing in themselves to prompt it. How different have I often thought it was from the genuine eloquence of Irish beggary, which makes the heart ache so bitterly that it would be almost a relief to give one's last sixpence! The begging in France is simply asking for money, while the beggar often looks all the time as comfortable and well-fed as yourself. It is true they ask only for one sou, but in the valley of Campan, when you have given them that, they make no scruple to ask you for another. Nor is this only on the public roads. There is scarcely any place so retired, but you hear the pattering

of little bare feet behind you, then loud breathing which diffuses around you the perfume of garlic, and as soon as you look round, the demand is made, and persisted in for a length of time proportioned to the ability of the applicant to keep pace with you. Of the pleasant walks, many of them alone, which I have taken in the neighbourhood of Campan, this system of importunity has destroyed much of my enjoyment. There was also a disposition in the people to talk with me, to pity me for being alone, and to accommodate their pace to mine, asking questions all the way, which rendered my walks any thing but solitary. All this, it may be said, might have been both instructive and interesting, and to no one would it have been more so than to me, but for their unintelligible *patois*. This language, which is properly that of Bearn, is a mixture of French and Spanish. All public documents were written in it until the reign of Louis XIII. It is about a century since a native poet, Despourrins, born at Accous in the Valley d'Aspe, published a collection of songs and tales in this language, said to be extremely touching in their interest, and adapted to the feelings and habits of the people amongst whom he lived. These are extremely popular amongst the country people. The range of the Bearnais *patois* is very limited. At Tarbes, only twenty-five miles east from Pau, a different idiom is spoken; and thirty miles to the westward, the Basque only is used. This last is entirely different from the various provincial *patois* of the south of France, and it might be a question of interest, whether from some points of similarity to the Arabic, it might not have been introduced by the refugee Moors, driven from Spain in the year 1492."

*Pyrenean Inns.*—"I have seldom been more disappointed than on reaching this dirty little town, in the midst of so beautiful a valley. The thing one most longs for after such a journey is plenty of water for a good refreshing wash. But this is seldom to be met with at the inns in this part of France; and that of Argelez was more than usually deficient. We were shewn into an apartment, half sitting and half bed-room, with a floor black and filthy, on which it was loathsome even to tread; and such a mockery of washing apparatus—a little basin, into which one could not plunge more than one hand at once, without sending all the water out; and, as is universally the case in France, no soap. Where to recline for rest was the next consideration; for there were chairs of every shape and kind, except what belonged to cleanliness and comfort; yet with all this, there were such gay and even elegant hangings to the beds and windows, that it was necessary to keep perpetually gazing upwards to escape disgust. How much would one be willing to give, under such circumstances, for a refreshing, wholesome cup of tea! This luxury, however, is rarely to be had; and seldom, in such weather, even a draught of milk in the after part of the day. Trout and eggs are the only palatable things one meets with. The rest is all stewed meat, or vegetables fried in lard; and the former is often covered up with thick sauce of the consistency of treacle, and sometimes I have it equally thick, and green. For the people at the inn, I must say, they did their best to make us comfortable; and after making a tolerable meal of eggs and trout, we walked out in the cool of the evening—if cool it might be called. By the light of a cloudless moon we traced a woody path along the side of the hill which rises immediately behind the town; and a beautiful sight it was to see the

mountains, some silvered over with the moon's soft radiance, and others reposing in the deepest shadow. While my companions sat down to rest, I wandered alone by the side of a chestnut wood; and such was the clearness of the moonlight, and the dryness of the soft still air, that I should scarcely have recollected night was coming on, but for a troop of wild and witch-like women, with their mules laden with charcoal, who asked me if I was not afraid.

Hoping to escape the full power of the sun, we set out early to walk to Pierrefitte on the following morning; but the heat was even then so great in the valley, that I was obliged to stop under almost every tree, to enjoy a transient respite from its burning rays. Yet it was impossible, even under such circumstances, to be insensible to the beauties of the scene; for the rustling corn, now nearly ripe, was waving by the side of the road, the haymakers were busy at their work, while troops of Spauiards were driving their mules along this route, which leads by the way of Gavarnie, into Spain. When at last we arrived at Pierrefitte, we found the inn there little better than the one at Argelez, and the breakfast altogether most repulsive. The dish I chose was pigeon, trusting to the inoffensive nature of these birds. Here the birds, however, formed but a small proportion of the whole affair; for they were lean and small, yet stuffed out with a mixture of garlic, and other abominations, and floating in a sea of lard."

*Condition of the Peasantry.*—"The peasants of the Pyrenees have all which their necessities demand within themselves. They grow their own flax, and one of their most busy occupations is to dress it. They do not steep it in water before beating it, as in England, but spread it on some sloping field or hill-side, where it undergoes no other process than what is effected by exposure to the weather. Not only is the flax prepared and woven for their own use, but the wool of the mountain sheep, undyed, is made into jackets, trousers, and petticoats, as well as into various other articles of clothing. Thus supplied with the most common and necessary kinds of dress, their wants are equally simple as regards their furniture and food. A few brass or copper vessels, for their milk, are always used by those who make cheeses, as many of the peasants do, not only of the milk of cows, but of that of sheep and goats. For a churn they have a very simple substitute, being no other than a dried sheep's skin. For keeping wine the skins of kids are frequently used, with the hair inside: and the same article is also converted into a large pocket or knapsack, which the little girls carry at their backs. The skin, when used in this manner, is kept entire, either the head or the tail of the animal being folded over the opening of the knapsack. All implements of husbandry used amongst the Bearnais are equally simple in their character. The pole of their little carts is often nothing more than the stem of a tree cut off where it has divided into two branches, so that the ends of the two forks connect with the axletree; and the forks with which their hay is made are branches, or stems, of the same description, on a smaller scale. Their ploughing, such as it is, is effected by a sort of double process, requiring four oxen,—two to go before with the coulter, and two others with another implement to turn over the soil. Both these are generally conducted by women. For millet and buckwheat, which succeed immediately to the earliest crops, the soil is merely turned over with a shovel, after which the earth and stubble are burnt in

heaps, and strewn upon the field. The process of preparing the ground for wheat and oats is simple in the extreme. Both the seed and the manure are strewn upon the land, ploughed in together, then harrowed, and all is finished. The labour of carrying and spreading manure is performed almost exclusively by women, who sometimes carry it on a sort of hurdle into the fields, but more frequently in sacks on their heads. In the Valley d'Aspe it is taken to the fields in large woollen sacks placed upon the backs of donkeys. I find it stated in my journal, that in the beginning of August the maize in the valley of Campan was waving in all its glory, having attained the height of a man's shoulder, and being still green. At the same time, the reapers had begun to cut the wheat and oats; and I expected to have seen the yellow corn-fields adorned, as they are in England, with those golden sheaves which have so many pleasant associations. To my disappointment, however, I found that the harvest in the Pyrenees was a very different affair from what it is with us; for no sooner was the wheat cut down, than it was tied up in bundles, carried away upon the heads of the owners, and stowed into those innumerable little barns which adorn the landscape; all this despatch being rendered necessary by the dishonesty of the people, which is such, that no one leaves his corn in the field, after it is cut, for a single night. I am sorry to make this confession in relation to the people whose simple lives I had previously thought so enviable; but I am also bound in common justice to state, that even their potatoes, when ready to be taken up, were always watched in the valley of Campan; and that every night, at a certain hour, we saw a lantern placed in the potato-field, and heard the firing of a gun, which announced that the watch had commenced for the night."

Such are the traits afforded us by Mrs. Ellis; and from them a fair general notion of her volume may readily be gathered.

#### INDIA.

We have recently had so many works upon Indian society pass before us in review, that we shall content ourselves with a few of the most novel passages in Mrs. Clemons's observations, the result of fourteen years' residence in the East, chiefly at Madras and in the upper provinces. There are, also, an officer's journal of the Burmese war, and a copy of instructions to young soldiers in India, marked by sound sense and good feeling throughout:—

*Native Superstitions.*—"The natives of India, of all classes and castes, it is well known, are exceedingly superstitious, and whatever appears to them uncommon is perverted into something portentous. One morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, the packallie came in, with consternation in his face, to beg that Sahib would release his water-bags; he said that, on the previous evening, he went up the great hill with his bags, intending to get some water from the top, but he was taken off from his purpose, and threw the bags, wet as they were, on the ground near the tank, and thought he would fetch them in the morning; but, on his going to do so, he found he could not move them from the ground; he was quite sure that the white people's devil had got hold of them and was holding them down. He was told that they should certainly be released; that he was to go exactly at twelve o'clock, when the sun would be the hottest, and he would find that he could bring them away quite easily. The man went, and of course found that the heat had melted the ice round the bag, and he

brought it to shew us. We endeavoured to explain the reason of this; the man listened, but could not be convinced, and went away impressed with his own foolish imagination. All castes have a superstitious dread of the hooting of an owl. The house we occupied at Nundiroog was very large, and as there was rather a scarcity of houses to accommodate all the officers, we gave up some detached rooms to two of them, Lieutenants S— and B—, the latter of whom was only doing duty with our regiment. We had several nights been disturbed by the owls, and B— determined, if possible, to shoot one. Accordingly, in the evening, as soon as they began their melancholy note, he went forth with his gun and shot one in the leg. The poor thing was brought to me, and as I wished to tame it, he gave it to me. I placed it in a spare lumber-room, but it refused every kind of food, and seemed to be fast drooping. In the course of the day my butler, followed by the rest of the servants, came to me, and begged that the owl might be sent away; declaring that no luck would happen to me, or to any one else, who kept such a bird,—that heavy misfortunes would follow,—that master, and mistress, and all, would surely die. It was in vain to reason with them; they one and all determined to leave my service, if I kept the owl another hour. I therefore thought it best to comply with their wish, as I saw their minds were made up to go; so I sent in to Mr. S— to beg him to shoot the poor bird; it seemed evident that it was in misery, and could not live, even if set at liberty. Thus order was now restored in my establishment; the natives still, however, persisted in saying that some one would die in the house, and most likely Mr. S—, who had shot the bird. A few days after this, both S— and B— were attacked with typhus fever; the former died at the end of eight days, and in order to give a chance of life to the latter, he was ordered for change to Bangalore, where he died shortly after his arrival. Nothing now could convince my servants that it was not the bird, and the bird alone, that occasioned the death of these two officers. A few weeks after this, Mrs. S—, the lady of our commandant, was much disturbed by an owl in a tree, near her bed-room window, which every night made its disagreeable hootings, to the annoyance of all in the house. She begged Major S— to shoot it, which he did. Loud was the outcry of the servants when the dead bird was brought in, though great the pleasure of Mrs. S— to find the cause of her annoyance got rid of. The following morning, Miss W—, niece of Mrs. S—, a sweet girl, about seventeen years old, was taken ill of the typhus fever, and in eight days she was buried. This second apparent confirmation of the omen naturally strengthened the natives in their belief, so strongly is every kind of superstition implanted in their minds. They could not in this case look to the rational causes of these events, or reflect that, as the fever had been raging amongst the poor Sepoys, it might be reasonably supposed that the Europeans could not all escape:—no, it was nothing but the destruction of the ominous bird which had caused the death of the officers and the lady."

*Native Prejudices.*—"Such is the strong prejudice of the natives against European education and Christianity. A few instances occur of conversion in the true sense of the term; but I am sorry to say too many leave their own castes for what they can get by the change. I was once hired a servant, and I asked him

what caste he was? "Oh!" said he, with a broad grin, "I am Mistress' Caste: I can eat and drink any thing!" This, he thought, was a great recommendation."

*Interior of a Temple and Peep at the Ceremonies.*—"While at Wallajahbad I became acquainted with a Brahmin, to whom Major C— had rendered some little service, and he was frequently at our house, and endeavoured to teach me the game of chess, in which he himself was a great proficient. On one occasion when he was in high good humour, having beat me game after game for a whole week, I mentioned to him the great desire I had to see the inside of one of the Conjeveram pagodas, no Europeans being ever allowed to go in. He hesitated a great deal, and at last told me it was impossible to grant my request; however I still persevered, and at length carried my point. The following day a feast or ceremony was in the largest and most beautiful of the temples. My Brahmin told me to be there an hour earlier, and he would see what he could do. I gladly and readily availed myself of this permission, and accordingly was conveyed in my palanquin to Conjeveram, and had it placed under a row of fine trees opposite the great-domed pagoda. I had gone in a very long white muslin dress, and had braided my hair across my forehead, and twisted it behind like the natives, to be as little conspicuous as possible, while a large and thickly-sprigged black veil was over my head and face; I had also black silk gloves and stockings. I alighted and walked into the outer circle of the pagoda, with two of my bearers close to me, the tom-toms, drums, and cymbals, making a most deafening noise. I had stationed myself near the door of the grand entrance, where I had not remained above a few minutes, when my venerable friend made his appearance; he told me he had consulted with one of the head people, and I might be permitted to see the place before the grand ceremony commenced, provided I would enter without my shoes and give ten rupees to one of the gods, both which conditions I agreed to. I hastened back to my palanquin and took off my clothes, and, accompanied as before, resumed my place within the grand entrance. My boys were ordered to remain behind; being of a different caste, they were not allowed to go farther. I followed my conductor through many long and dark passages, where I heard shrieks and groans, apparently proceeding from recesses that were close by me. My heart beat very quickly. I heartily repented of my curiosity, and yet felt ashamed to turn back. At length we arrived in one of the most beautiful vestibules I had ever beheld, or my imagination could ever picture; it was lighted from the top of the dome, and the mid-day sun cast his piercing rays down upon us. The pavement was of the finest white marble, inlaid with coloured stones in the shape of hideous monsters; under what class or description to place them, it is impossible to say. The walls were also of marble, to the height of perhaps 150 feet; they were shaped so as to form recesses of about four feet broad, and about ten feet between each other, in which were placed images, or as they call them swameys. These were alternately of silver and gold, some of them ten or twelve feet high, with emerald and ruby eyes, and some of them seemed to stare down upon us in the most awful manner. Before many of these, were men lying flat on their faces, who, from fear of calling down

the vengeance of the god, or to avoid a glare from their precious eyes, would crawl on their stomachs like a snake till they were out of sight. I had scarcely time to glance over the whole of the magnificent gilding and images, before a sound of music, accompanied with the most diabolical yells, burst upon my ear. My conductor hurried me into a recess behind some pillars of jet black marble, and then, from the opposite side, entered twelve dancing-girls, arrayed in the most gorgeous dresses. They wore a kind of short petticoat which reached very little below the knee, some of them were made of gold, others of silver kin-koab, which fastened round the small of the waist just above the hip; they had also a little boddice of satin with a sleeve tight to the elbow; this boddice just confined the bosom, and reached no farther down, so that the whole person was bare from it to the petticoat. The glossy and lovely black hair of these girls was confined tightly round the head, on the top of which was placed a large gold plate studded with splendid jewels; two or three pairs of ear-rings were in the ears, formed of diamonds and emeralds; they had also each a large nose-ring. Their arms and necks were literally a blaze of precious stones; their pretty little ankles were ornamented in the same manner. These jewels were not their own property, they belonged to the pagoda, and the girls were decked in them every festival; it is needless to add that these girls are remarkable for their beauty. Their dance consists of a succession of graceful movements with the arms and head, turning into different figures, and resting in picturesque attitudes and groups, but the whole effect was much spoiled by the horrid discord of the music. Tongs, shovel, poker, and pan-lid, would have been much more harmonious, and yet the natives consider that they only excel us in one thing, which is music!! My Brahmin friend, I saw clearly, began to be anxious for my departure, and though I felt much inclined to rebel against his authority, he conducted me once more through the dark and narrow passages, and we reached the outer court just as a crowd of Brahmins and dancing-girls were entering the great gates. I hurried to my palanquin, being anxious to put on my shoes, for though a very hot day, I felt chilled by standing so long on the marble pavement. I inquired the next day of my conductor whether I had been mistaken in imagining that I heard shrieks and groans as we passed along the dark passages. He said I had not, and that they were occasioned by some members of the community inflicting penance on their bodies."

#### WEST OF IRELAND.

From the far East we now transfer our attentions to the far West; and take up our author's tissue of descriptive scenery, personal adventure in travelling, antiquarian notices, fairy tales, and legendary superstitions, where-with he forms a very entertaining miscellany. There is, it is true, a little too much of the ornate in the language of his humble and uneducated informants, and rather too much of that conventional style of speech with which it seems to be the rule to invest every Irish story or colloquy; but, on the whole, we are compensated by the originality of many of the anecdotes related, and the curious nature of some of the facts which are so credulously believed among the people of this wild district. Of these we shall make a selection as specimens of the multi-

tude picked up by the tourist in Erris and Tyrarlow. Of an old castle called Fahy, or Doona, situated on the sea lake of Fahy, we are told:—

"The building of this strong-hold is generally attributed to Grana Uaile; but if I am informed aright, and that I am there can be no doubt, it is much more ancient than the Elizabethan age. No; its rude rough walls, put together unhammered and untempered, in that cyclopean style that baffles all antiquarian research as to its precise age, bespeak a period plunged farther back into by-gone times. There are many traditions concerning this grey, moss-covered pile. Some say it was built by a Tuatha Danaan magician, to keep his faithless wife; and the legend has it, that like all those who call in force to aid jealousy, woman's wile was more than a match for strong walls or magic devices. Others say it was built by Gal M'Moran, the great rival of Fin M'Coul; and others again assert, that it was erected by Meidbhab, daughter of Eochaidh, Queen of Connaught, who, after some time, granted it to a famous champion of that kingdom, named Ceat, the son of Magach, whose exploits were memorable both as a man of stratagem and violence,—quite an Irish Ulysses; and inasmuch as a transaction connected with this Ceat, the son of Magach, may throw some light upon the claims of our countrymen to early civilisation, it may be well to state, that the Milesian, improving on the scalping habits of the American Indians, had a much more elaborate, if not more humane and elegant way of preserving trophies of their prowess over a fallen foe. The Irish warrior when he killed his adversary in combat, broke his skull, extracted his brains, mixed up the mass well, and working the compound into a ball, he carefully dried it in the sun; and when it became, as it always did, exceedingly hard and heavy, it was produced, with no small pride, as a trophy of former valour, and a *prestige* of future victory. It is a pity that the Tipperary boys, who are so expert at brain- ing a man with a handstone, have lost the art of thus exhibiting what they have done at affairs, patrons, or hurling matches."

An ancient legend is attached to this singular custom, but it is too long for our review; and we must pass to the remarkable Island of Innisgloria, respecting which the author gathered what he could from his guide, Mickletony, and of which the following is a part:—

"I asked (he says) was he ever there? 'Yes to be sure I was. Do you think I would not often be where all the people of any gentility do be buried?' I asked him if it was true that the bodies buried there did not corrupt? He said he did not believe it was true, for he saw bones thrown up as loose and rotten when a grave was opened as any where else; 'But, be that true or not, this I can say, there is a well dedicated to St. Brenain, the water of which, if any woman dare to drink, while in her month would turn blood-red, and be full of little red worms; they would do her great mischief for a year and a day.'"

This belief in certain waters becoming coloured under particular circumstances is very common throughout Ireland; but here is another superstition:—

"By this time we had reached a burying ground which stands on the edge of the sand-hills, and which is in danger of being shortly overwhelmed by the encroachment of this



great evil of the western coast. Here are the remains of an ancient church: this is the Tarnon Carra alluded to in the 'Monasticon Hibernicum,' and was the retreat of one or more monastics. It must, in its best state, have been a small place, for vestiges of the wall still remain, and Mr. Mickletony shewed me an upright stone, evidently the remains of an ancient cross, and in the upper part of which were two holes. 'Here, sir,' says he, 'the holy saint, Colman, used to creep on his bended knees and say the whole Psalter of David from beginning to end, and when he got so tired that he couldn't keep erect upon his two knees, because of the pains in his back—do you see these two holes—here he used to put his two thumbs, and supporting himself with them he'd get through his duty. Well, do you know what happened to this very stone not long ago? three fellows of the coast-guard, having one evening been drinking in Bingham's-town until they got wild mad, were passing by the place, when what should the devil tempt them to do but to come and throw down this holy stone:—and that wasn't all. I'd be ashamed to tell you, sir, what more they did to defile the place where a man of God left his mark. Well, not long after the great Archbishop M'Hale came into the Mullet about a matter concerning Dean Lyons—but that's neither here nor there; but what I should say is, that His Grace heard of what the Protestant coast-guard did, and in his anger, for his soul was stirred, he pronounced that before a year and a day should pass over the fellows' heads from the time they did the sacrilege, every one of them would come to such an end that all would say, 'This is God's vengeance.' And so it was. One of them, in the height of his health and strength, was taken with a great and inward pain, and died in an hour. Another was out at sea, and asleep during a calm night on the deck of a cutter; suddenly he started up, sprung overboard, and never rose again. The third was crossing, along with another coast-guard, on horseback, a shallow arm of the sea, when the tide was in, and as they both were on the one horse, and the water up to his belly, and the beast was beginning to plunge and swim; while the foremost was doing his best to manage the horse, the other fellow fell off behind, and his comrade never missed him until he got to land. His corpse went out to sea, and he was never heard of afterwards. Thus the three sacrilegious fellows came to their bad end, and I thus was the saying of our great archbishop verified.' Upon inquiry from others," adds the author in a note, "I find that this most unbecoming act was committed, and that the perpetrators actually met their deaths in a sudden and appalling way before the termination of a year, but not by the invocation of Dr. M'Hale."

Our next is a yet more striking instance of dark credulity at the new Church of Cross, near Bingham's-town: we are told,—

"It was in this church that not long since three young women were discovered taking the spangle off a corpse. This spangle, called in Irish 'steioul drum agustharragh,' signifying the skin of the back and of the belly, consists of a continuous band of skin taken from round the length of the body, viz. from the sole of one foot, up the outside of the leg and side, over the head and down the other side to the sole of the other foot, up the inside of that leg and down the inside of the other, until the stripe meets where it first

set out; it is used as a love-charm, and its power is believed to be irresistible, it being only necessary, in order to secure the affections of the victim, to tie the spangle round him while asleep; if he does not awake during the operation, all must turn out to the wish of the operator; if he does awake, he dies before the end of the year; so the poor desired one has no escape. This disgusting and dark superstition is not only believed in here and revered, but even yet is sometimes practised; and it is confidently asserted that not very long ago it was resorted to, and with success, by persons far above the common sort, and in this way three young women, far from rich, or beautiful, or possessing any mental or bodily attractions that would be likely to secure the affections of young men, got very good matches, in every way far above their own position in life. This family have not yet given up the spangle, nor, as I am told, the intention of using it."

And the author adds to this received account:—

"I have heard a circumstance, for which I shall by no means vouch, connected with this superstition, which goes to prove, if it have any foundation at all, how the best intentions may be frustrated by causes very unforeseen. The Very Rev. Dean L——, hearing of the wonders effected by the silent fraternity of Trappists, in the county of Waterford, felt desirous to introduce the brotherhood into Erris, and to that effect invited one of them to come and see the nakedness of the land. Accordingly he came, but, alas! for himself and his cause, he did not return; for he fell sick—of what disease I know not—died, and was buried. Now, as the spangle is the more efficacious the more chaste and holy the body is from which it is stripped, of course the hide of a Trappist was invaluable; and accordingly the remains of the poor ascetic were disinterred and rifled of its skin; and, the fact having transpired, it has unfortunately deterred (and why shouldn't it?) the Trappists from venturing to settle in such a charming place as Erris. Of this dark and disgusting superstition, which, as reported to me, has been practised even by Protestant females, and of the better sort, it may be said in the words of old Heywood:—

'Of such like miscreants 'tis in Esay said,  
We have strooke hands to league with death, and made  
Covenant with hell.  
Of such compacts and practices we find  
Many most blasphemous in their kind,  
When holy ceremonies (through the malicious)  
Are made idolatrous and superstitious.  
When linen never washed is used, and he  
Must hold a wand that's cut from such a tree,  
With which he strikes the east and then the west,  
The north and south, as to his purpose best;  
That all his hair shorn off by night or day,  
Thinking thereby to drive the devil away;  
That takes dust from a sepulchre to use,  
Or from the grave the dead's bones to abuse;  
Or aught besides that shall seem retrograde  
To reason's course, or what's 'by nature made.'

These were some of the superstitious practices resorted to in England in the sixteenth century, as recorded by that curious old poetaster, Master Thomas Heywood, in his 'Hierarchy of Blessed Angels;' but none of them come up to the horrid audacity of this love-charm of the spangle stripe. The practice is not confined to Erris. Mr. Archdeacon, in his very amusing and well-written 'Legends of Connaught,' relates a very awful anecdote respecting its application in a more civilised part of Mayo."

Near Innisgloria is Inniskea, of which we learn:—

"There are two ancient sepulchral mounds on it, and it contains a few inhabitants, who know nothing of the fated crane that old writers say is to stand there until the 'crack of doom.'"

He may be there, but no one in these days ever saw him; but they have what is better, called by some the Neevoge, or, as others pronounce it, Knaveen; both mean 'the little saint,' and I prefer the latter pronunciation, which may not be a bad derivation for the English word knave: Latin, *gnarus*—a knowing fellow. For the knaveen of Inniskea must be a knowing one indeed, for, by his instrumentality, the natives consider they can raise or allay a tempest; raise a storm when a ship nears the island, and so they may get in a wreck; or allay it when their own boats are out at sea in a gale of wind. The knaveen is a stone image of the rudest construction, attired in an undyed flannel dress, which is every New Year's Day renewed. Of course the knaveen has his annals, one event of which may be worth stating:—Some years ago, a pirate happening to land on the island, amused himself by setting fire to the houses of the people, all of which burnt but too readily, save one; and the ferocious leader thus seeing one house untouched, urged on with menaces his followers to consummate their destructive doings by burning this also; but they could not; as often as they applied fire to it out it went: they might as well burn one of the ocean rocks. Observing this, he ordered the house to be diligently searched, and, finding the 'knaveen,' he commanded that the holy image should be smashed to pieces with a sledge. Perhaps he was told of the 'knaveen's' power, not only of arresting fire, but of raising wind, and, as he often roved along the coast, he of course did not desire to leave the storm-compeller in the hands of those to whom he had been so cruel. Thus, having had his wicked will, the pirate sailed away, it is hoped never to return. But the natives, the moment he was gone, collected the fragments of the saint, bound them together with thongs of sheep-skin, and, to keep him warm and pleasant, dressed him out in a suit of flannel, which, as we have already stated, is renewed from year to year. It is, however, considered that the 'knaveen' has never fully recovered the treatment he received from the pirate's sledge-hammer, nor are they quite so sure of his power over the elements. Perhaps, after all, this is not so much the fault of the idol as of their failing faith. He still, however, is fervently kissed, and had in reverence by all."

An existing superstition respecting foxes is thus described:—

"I asked Mr. Henri if there was much game in these wilds; he said not: the eagles and foxes were so numerous that they made sad havoc with the hares and grouse. This gave occasion to his mentioning some curious facts respecting the superstitious respect the women of the country have for foxes, and the desire they have, holding them to be intelligent but mischievous beings, to propitiate, and, if possible, turn their destructiveness from their doors. For this purpose, some of the housewives leave wool on the bushes in the winter season, which it is expected they will carry off to their burrows, and make themselves snug. Others actually knit little woollen stockings, or, as they call them, mittens, which they leave in the fox's path, expecting that reynard will wear them, when he roams at night in the hard weather, and, in gratitude for the comfort, leave untouched the cocks and hens. He mentioned a ludicrous circumstance that had occurred some time ago, bearing upon this superstitious respect of the people. Great depredations having been committed on the poultry belonging to the coast-guard families of Doonkeegan, the injured English, not so re-

spectful, determined to stop the thief; so they baited a trap, formed, for the occasion, of a deal box; and sure enough, next morning, a red, sharp-nosed, broad-cheeked, bright-eyed little fellow was found occupying the interior, and vainly doing his best to get out; and very shortly it was noised abroad through the nearest villages that the fox was caught, and the whole population poured forth to behold the mischief-maker, and, as might be supposed, to satisfy their revenge and their curiosity. Suppose, then, the trap brought out into an adjoining field, and amongst sundry groups surrounding it, one composed of elderly women, with their red petticoats, brown boddices, and the kerchief drawn tightly over the head. 'And is he there for sartin?—wurra, wurra, glory to God.' 'He's there (says another), but I'm sure and sartin he'll get off.' 'I wouldn't put it past him (says another), he'll then play the puck with all our young geese,—if he do, he'll never forgive this hand's turn.' 'Oh (says another), he's a dear, decent fox, he hasn't the heart to do us mischief. No, he's a clane, conscionable crathur; he's content with hares, rabbits, and young sea-fowl. He's not like that long stinking-tailed fox over the wather at Inver, that does be destroying all the poor people's cocks and hens. No, our fox never does the neighbours a hand's turn of harm; when the crathur is hungry, he goes from home, not like the grey thief at Inver.' In this way, under the confident assurance that the fox in the trap heard and understood, they used flattering words on the possibility that even yet he would escape from the hands of his captors. In the meantime, the owner of the trap had been busy in procuring all the dogs in the vicinity to bait, worry, and kill reynard, when let loose from durance, and fine sport was expected, and all was shouting, and barking, and great excitement; when, lo! the lid of the trap was lifted, and out bounced a trembling caithiff of a red-cur dog, certainly not unlike a fox, and whose grandfather or grandmother might have been of the vulpine race."

Seals, it appears, are no less held in superstitions awe than foxes. *Et. gr. :—*

"It is time for me to go back to Downpatrick promontory and Pounnashanthana. 'I presume,' said I to my companion, 'that there are many seals along a coast perforated by such caverns as this.' 'Yes, certainly; and, taking them along with bird-catching, was a favourite, though dangerous occupation of the young people; but they have given up seal-hunting for this some time.' Perceiving a sort of smile on my companion's countenance I asked, 'And why?' 'You'd laugh, sir, if I told you the reason.' 'Then let me laugh, if you please, by all means.' 'I don't exactly know whether it was in this Pounnashanthana, but it was in one of the caves that are found between Downpatrick and Kilcummin Heads, and which can only be entered when the tide is out, and then you must use lights, and at all times it is fearfully dangerous, for there is a terrible swell even in the greatest calm, and if the wind was in the least to rise with a point to north or north-west, they and their boat would be ground to atoms. Well, on a calm, fine evening, two young fellows had urged their currachs into a cave where the seals were known to breed, and they had brought besides poles to knock down the creatures, plenty of dry hog-fir to keep up a blaze, and having got far in, the place was alive with seals, and the poor things were toddling about amongst the round stones at the end, and the boys were busy enough striking them on the head, and

all they could reach were finished off and ready to be brought out, when in the farthest end of the cavern, and sitting up on its bent tail in a corner—just as you may suppose a tailor would sit on his board—there sat a fellow, his head as round as a man's, and it looked white, shining, and bare, with a flat nose and two grey eyes, just like an old fellow who was laid up past his labour in the chimney-corner. So one of the boys was just making up to him to strike him down with his pole, when the seal cried out in a squeaking, snivelling, supplicating voice, 'Och, boys! och, ma bouchals! spare your old grandfather Darby O'Dowd!' You may suppose that the boys were not a little astonished and frightened when they heard a seal speak; but one of them plucking up courage, accosted the creature and said, 'Now, that is all a joke, you're no grandfather of ours, for Darby O'Dowd is long ago in his grave, and God be merciful to him, he lies in Dunfeeny churchyard.' 'You may saw that, and thrue it is for you, grandson Tim. It's thrue I was dead and decently buried, but here I am for my sins, turned into a sale, as other sinners are and will be. See what comes of selling mangy sheep for sound bastes, and swearing away before a coort a neighbour's good name; and Heaven is just, and here I am making my purgatory as a sale, and if you put an end to me and skin me, as I see you are for, may be it's worse I'll be, and go into a shark or a porpoise, or some fish that will never have the honour or glory of sitting as I do now on firm land. Mind my bidding then, boys avick; lave your old forefather where he is, to live out his time as a sale. May be for your own sakes, for they say every dog has his day, you will ever hereafter leave off following, and parseenting, and murdering sales, who may be nearer to yourselves nor you think.' It may be supposed that the young seal-hunters gave up their occupation and left their grandfather alone; at all events, let there be what foundation for the story there may, it is universally believed, and on the strength of it the people have given up seal-hunting."

And with this we must put our hand and seal upon further illustrations of the legendary kind; but the following remarks upon other and immediate matters deserve quotation:—

*The Coast-Guard.*—"I like the placid, firm countenances of these veteran coast-guards, they look so calm, and yet so prudent; I have their fine English features in my mind's eye, every line denoting hardship endured, vigour at command, and a sense of duty superior to every feeling of difficulty and danger. I consider the coast-guard establishment one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on Ireland,—a positive blessing, in not only putting an effectual stop to smuggling, the nurse of profligacy and crime,—to wrecking, the stimulus to dishonesty and cruelty all around our shores, but, also, in locating prudent, honest, humanised, and often religious men, with their nice wives and children, and all their clean and decent habits, amongst a dirty, ignorant, and careless people. I have never visited a coast-guard station on any of Ireland's shores, that I did not observe the wonderful contrast exhibited in the dwellings and the habits of the inmates to all around, and that I did not entertain the rational expectation that in due time such examples of a more excellent way would have an effect in civilising the surrounding natives."

*Other Improvements Withheld.*—Near Downpatrick Head, says our author:—

"On my remarking what a terrible lee shore this must be when the wind blew from the north-west, my companion said, 'Yes, sir, and many a vessel has gone to pieces, and many a life been lost here; and look what nature has done there to aid man in his exertions to make a place of shelter on this coast. Observe, sir, yonder promontory westward—not a finer place, or more to be desired for a pier in all Ireland, and yet nothing has been done. Some years ago, as I understand, before I came to live in this place, when the government was making piers all along the west coast, yonder headland was fixed on, and a ship actually came loaded with cut stones to deposit them and commence the work; but when her skipper sent ashore to know whether the country people would come and help to unlade her, there was no one to be got to put a hand to the work; so, after a few days, the ship sailed away and deposited her cargo where the people were willing to receive it.' 'I should think,' said I, 'that such a neglect of a good offer should be more fitly laid to the charge of the landed proprietor or his agent than to the people.' 'It is true for you, sir. Surely to have a good pier for the export of the corn grown on his property was his look-out; but where there is neither a resident landlord, nor, perhaps, a resident agent; when the looking after a property devolves on an ignorant under-fellow, who is, as I may say, a beggar on horseback, who thinks of nothing but making a little great man of himself, at the expense both of landlord and tenant—how can any thing better be expected? But mark me, sir,' continued my companion, 'I do not desire you to consider what I say as applicable to the property we are now looking over. I am too short a time settled in this neighbourhood to give an opinion as to its management, and I beg of you to consider that I am not alluding at all to it; but I must say that a great deal of the poverty, the absence of improvement, and the incapacity of the holders of land to rise out of the low state in which they are—getting worse instead of better—arises from the petty tyranny of the understrapping fellows that wear boots and ride horses, on the presents they extort from the poor farmer: whose yarn, ducks, geese, fowl, and eggs, all go to propitiate these greedy cormorants. Don't you think, sir, that if a landlord cannot, or will not, reside on his property, he should at least have a resident agent; some one who has the heart to raise the people, as well as the head to raise the rents? I wonder much that the great landlords don't see how bad it is for themselves and their tenantry to have a little great man coming down from Dublin or some distant place every gale day, to lift the rents, and then passing away in his gig or coach, leaving his business for the rest of the year to the management of a driver. Isn't there some old saying that goes to shew this,—that there must be great need where the devil drives? 'Why, Mr. M—,' said I, 'you seem to have thought somewhat of these matters, and I think you have said you have not been long in the country.' 'Yes, sir, you are right; I have seen much of the effects of good and bad agency on the prosperity of landed proprietors, and I'm not of this country. I came from the county of Sligo, where there are some right well-managed properties, where some agents really, by their care and intelligence, compensate for the unavoidable absence of the proprietor, and where the tenants are led, but not driven.' And, finally, of the people belonging to these parts generally:—



"The natives of Erris are not at all cleanly in their persons or houses: in many of their houses, as I have been given to understand, they have but one vessel that will hold water, and that is the metal potato-pot; and therefore personal ablution is confined to the face and neck. A person remarking on this disagreeable subject, observed that he could see plainly the line of demarcation between the washed and unwashed parts; which line put him in mind, so defined was it, of the tide-water mark on the sea-shore. Indeed, this I remarked myself, that twice while I have been in Erris, I never observed any one bathing along its shores, so admirably convenient as they are for the purpose. The first time I was there, no doubt the weather was not encouraging for sea-bathing; but the last time nothing could be so tempting; yet not a human being did I see, except two of the coast-guard. When on other parts of the Irish shore, as, for instance, along the shores of the county of Clare, multitudes of the country people might be observed at all hours of the day bathing—but here not one. In the same way, I believe the people are neither fond of fishing nor eating fish; and I suppose that at any time they would prefer potatoes and milk to the best fish that could be laid before them. At any rate I observed that there were in the different bays and inlets comparatively very few boats or corraghs; neither did I see in very calm weather many out at sea. I was told that fish had ceased to be plenty on these shores. I ventured, in my former volume, to assign a cause for this unhappy scarcity, when speaking of Blacksod Bay. I remember hearing a person say, who knew these shores well (he commanding a king's cutter off the station), that in times of scarcity when the Irish fishermen, who had come round from Fingal to fish on this coast, landed a cargo of cod or ling on these shores for the purpose of salting them, the people who were too lazy, or what perhaps is the more reasonable cause, were too poor and ill-provided with tackle to go out to fish, were glad, there being a scarcity of potatoes, to pick up the heads and other offal which the Irish fishermen threw away. Having detailed thus far the information I have received respecting the actual state of this district, it might be expected of me that I should offer some suggestions regarding its improvement. Acknowledging myself not altogether adequate to such an undertaking, either from previous knowledge or the accuracy of the information I have been enabled to procure, I would still offer a few hints which may be taken *ad valorem*. The first step which I assume ought to be taken would be to destroy the existing tenures of the people; the whole rundale system, which I have attempted to describe, should be abolished, and every householder made the tenant of an undivided allotment, over which no other person should have power except the landlord. It would also be expedient for every tenant to erect and inhabit a house on his own farm, and break up the village system altogether. It would be also necessary for the landlord to direct and control the cultivation of the ground allotted to tillage on the respective holdings, and to insist on another rate of manuring and rotation of crops. Indeed, I have long considered, that on account of the lamentable want of capital that exists in the country, the landlords should become, as it were, partners in the husbandry of the estates on the *metairie* system that prevails so much in France and Italy, and that they should supply the seed, implements, and stock, while the tenant supplies the

labour, and that a definitive portion of the produce (not money) should come to the landlord's share; or, if the supply of all but labour on the part of the landlord could not, from his want of capital, be allowed, that at any rate he should receive off the respective farms, not a money, but a produce rent; as, for instance, such a proportion of the corn and cattle; so much oats, so much barley, so much butter, wool, pigs; in a word, a share of whatever the land is best capable of producing."

So mought it be!

*Life of Petrarch.* By Thomas Campbell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841. Colburn.

*One Hundred Sonnets.* Translated from the Italian of Petrarcha, with the Original Text, Notes, and a Life of Petrarch. By Susan Wollaston. 12mo. pp. 257. London, 1841. Bull.

WE are not of those who think that none but poets are fit to be the biographers and judges of poets; on the contrary, we are of opinion, that other individuals possessed of cultivated mind, refined feelings, and exalted imagination, and gifted with critical powers, are quite as competent as any brother bard that ever existed, to form a true estimate of the merits and defects of a poetic author. Indeed, as the language is common to both classes, this holds still more strongly than in regard to works of art; where the critic, having no experience of the medium employed, is less capable of appreciating all the qualities of a painting than the artist who has devoted his talent to acquiring a mastery over the elements of its creation.

Yet it is always very desirable that fellow genius should investigate and expound the claims of genius; and therefore it is that we hail with much satisfaction a *Life of Francesco Petrarch*, by Thomas Campbell. Differing in a few points, with much distrust of ourselves, from the dicta of so high an authority, we shall run cursorily along with them, and respectfully suggest some of the brief remarks which have occurred to us on the perusal of these volumes. But first we may glance at the leading dates of Petrarch's career. Born at Arezzo, 20th July, 1304, he was carried an infant to Incisa, and spent his childhood there. At nearly eight years of age he stayed with his parents at Pisa for several months, and thence accompanied them to Avignon. His education was conducted at Carpentras, Montpellier, and Bologna; and in 1326, at the age of twenty-two, he returned to Avignon and lost his parents. Here he formed friendships with great men and eminent scholars; and, in 1327, fell in love with the celebrated Laura. Entering the church, he had preferment at Lombes; but frequently travelled through various parts of Europe, Italy, France, Flanders, Brabant, and the Rhine. In 1340, he was crowned laureate at Rome, with grand ceremonies; and during his later years, was engaged in several important missions and embassies. He had a son and daughter by a lady most obscurely known,—lived long in deep retirement at Vaulxue, —was raised to clerical dignities in Parma,—formed intimacies with the famous Cola di Rienzo, Boccaccio, and other distinguished persons,—was courted by cardinals, princes, popes, emperors, and kings,—and, finally, died at Arqua, on the 18th of July, 1374, at the age of seventy years.

We now come to the work before us, and we confess that we are rather painfully surprised at the bitter and contemptuous manner in which the author sets out in speaking of the unfinished MS. Memoir of Petrarch, by the

late Archdeacon Coxie, which is deposited in the British Museum. This respectable and laborious historian and biographer is dead: there is no arrogant pretence in his writings to provoke so much asperity; and yet merely because Mr. Campbell's first attempt was directed by the publisher, who premeditated the job, to the compression and editing of the Archdeacon's remains, he is treated as if he had risen from his grave, and forced the use of his collected data, instead of leaving his successor a voluntary choice in the matter. The poor, unoffending "Coxeian MS." it is angrily stated, "is placed in a wrong part of the Museum. It should not be in the library, but among the bottled abortions of anatomy, or the wooden visages of the South-Sea idols. Nor will he blame me for saying that the entire MS. betrays a writer incapacitated by nature for dissenting on poetry. His ability to compose matter-of-fact travels and political memoirs I call not in question; but, with regard to any spark of poetical sympathy, his mind was obtuse, and a mere *mortuum caput*. I found no fault with him for having drawn his materials almost entirely from De Sade, for that biographer is the only one who can be mainly depended upon for information respecting Petrarch; but I did blame the Archdeacon for doing so unavowedly, instead of acknowledging the debt, as Mrs. Dobson and myself have done, and for interspersing his clumsy translation of De Sade with still clumsier remarks of his own. To have edited this *fœtus* of biography would have done no good to either Petrarch, or Archdeacon Coxie, or myself."

Now this is not very fair towards a production which was never finished or given to the world; and in other places the worthy writer is further mentioned with uncalled-for indignity. The "*fœtus*" was not born to be so severely and harshly handled.

Mr. Campbell goes through the publications of preceding biographers, and wisely prefers De Sade as his text-book and guide; and good-humouredly adds:—

"To those who are particularly interested about the history of Petrarch and his times, the following information may possibly be acceptable. Professor Marsand of Padua collected a *Biblioteca Petrarcesca*—a Petrarchian library—consisting of nine hundred volumes, illustrative of the history of the poet. A catalogue of these works was published at Milan, in quarto; but the collection itself was purchased in 1829 for the private library of the King of France, in the Louvre."

Every portion of early Italian literature is overlaid in the same manner; and the modern who endeavours to disentangle the thread, can by no possibility escape from prolixity, the discussion of senseless trifles, tedious verbal criticisms, and insignificant variations of dates. Even in this *Life of Petrarch* there is much of very little consequence, though it is scarcely the thousandth part of what has been written on the subject. That the circumstances of Petrarch's course are more readily to be traced we owe to his Latin letters to his friends; and his biography was, in truth, prepared by himself, with great carefulness, for posterity. To us he appears in his early days, at Avignon, to have been a prey to morbid feelings to a much greater extent than Mr. Campbell allows, though he charges his passion for Laura as a species of insanity. At all events, we might the contrast between his life and writings might have furnished a striking theme for his biographer. The favourite of profligate popes,

he dared to expose and lash their vices and the vices of the Church; the personal friend and companion of the Lombard tyrants, he never ceased to raise his voice in the cause of peace and his native country. He was thus rather virtuous than heroic, and wanted courage to be the same in the living man that he was in his writings. In the former, he was weak and temporising; and, though little ambitious, seems to have indulged in vanity, and not to have been altogether exempt from petty feelings. So easily was he to be propitiated that he ceased to be feared; and this is, perhaps, the key to all his high intimacies, and politic connexions, with struggling and contending parties of every hue. Hence his prosperous course at the head of the republic of letters, his unenvied laurels, and his royal and courtly graces.

"Petrarch (says Campbell) was twenty-two years of age when he settled at Avignon, a scene of licentiousness and profligacy. The luxury of the cardinals, and the pomp and riches of the Papal court, were displayed in an extravagant profusion of feasts and ceremonies, which attracted to Avignon women of all ranks, among whom intrigue and gallantry were generally countenanced. Petrarch was by nature of a warm temperament, with vivid and susceptible passions, and strongly attached to the fair sex. We must not, therefore, be surprised if, with these dispositions, and in such a dissolute city, he was betrayed into some excesses. But these were the result of his complexion, and not of deliberate profligacy. He alludes to this subject in his epistle to posterity, with every appearance of truth and candour. From his own confession, Petrarch seems to have been somewhat vain of his personal appearance during his youth, a venial foible, from which neither the handsome nor the homely, nor the wise nor the foolish, are exempt. It is amusing to find our own Milton betraying this weakness, in spite of all the surrounding strength of his character. In answering one of his slanderers, who had called him pale and cadaverous, the author of 'Paradise Lost' appeals to all who knew him, whether his complexion was not so fresh and blooming, as to make him appear ten years younger than he really was. Petrarch, when young, was so strikingly handsome, that he was frequently pointed at and admired as he passed along; for his features were manly, well-formed, and expressive, and his carriage was graceful and distinguished. He was sprightly in conversation, and his voice was uncommonly musical. His complexion was between brown and fair, and his eyes were bright and animated. His countenance was a faithful index of his heart."

About the manliness of his features there may, however, be some question; as the account of his crowning at Rome, aged thirty-seven, describes him rather as soft and effeminate in beauty.

The overwhelming passion of Petrarch for Laura, the wife of a morose husband and the mother of ten children, forms, of necessity, a striking feature in this work; and the author concludes that,—

"It is evident from his writings that she repudiated his passion whenever it threatened to exceed the limits of virtuous friendship. On one occasion, when he seemed to presume too far upon her favour, she said to him, with severity, 'I am not what you take me for.' If his love had been successful, he would have said less about it. Of the two persons in this love affair, I am more inclined to pity Laura

than Petrarch. Independently of her personal charms, I cannot conceive Laura otherwise than as a kind-hearted, lovable woman, who could not well be supposed to be totally indifferent to the devotion of the most famous and fascinating man of his age. On the other hand, what was the penalty that she would have paid if she had encouraged his addresses as far as he would have carried them? Her disgrace, a stigma left on her family, and the loss of all that character which upholds a woman in her own estimation and in that of the world. I would not go so far as to say that she did not at times betray an anxiety to retain him under the spell of her fascination, as, for instance, when she is said to have cast her eyes to the ground in sadness when he announced his intention to leave Avignon; but still I should like to hear her own explanation before I condemned her. And, after all, she was only anxious for the continuance of attentions, respecting which she had made a fixed understanding that they should not exceed the bounds of innocence."

This is very amiable, but amid the vice and wickedness of Avignon it is not very easy to determine the real nature of this love affair. It might be pure and platonic, or it might be the reverse: the Abbé de Sade, being a descendant of the lady's, maintains the former; some folks in the same situation might rather have wished it possible to have a trickling of the poet's blood in their veins. Five hundred years ago, in France and Italy, society was not so very particular in these respects as they are in our moral and decorous days. Petrarch's retreat to the solitude of Vaulchuse might, we fancy, be assigned to his devotedness to literature, a passion equally strong as his love for Laura; and at a time when, though he continued to write fervid sonnets, it is not unlikely the latter might have been somewhat mitigated. But on this we must quote Mr. Campbell:—

"If his object was to forget Laura, the composition of sonnets upon her in this hermitage was unlikely to be an antidote to his recollections. It would seem as if he meant to cherish rather than to get rid of his love. But if he nursed his passion, it was a dry-nursing; for he led a lonely, ascetic, and, if it were not for his studies, we might say a savage life. I find some of his biographers treating with contempt all who presume to doubt his supreme felicity in this shut-up valley. One of them remarks, that 'those who are employed upon trifles, who are engaged in a circle of everlasting amusements, and whose abilities stagnate without company, look with wonder upon a man retiring from the world to lead a solitary life. Their little understandings cannot comprehend the infinite resources which an imaginative and instructive mind can derive from its own resources, from reading and from meditation.' I abominate all this slang about solitude; if the word means a man living without wife, child, or domestic society, or the accessible conversation of friends. I have no doubt that Petrarch had great resources in his own imagination; and his seclusion, having been voluntary, is a proof that it was not intolerable to him. But I regard this fact rather as a phenomenon in the history of a man of

genius, than a proof that the love of protracted solitude indicates genius itself. I have generally found the devotees of loneliness among the most stupid of their species. Nature never meant us to live in solitude. It is against her laws. She compels the very atoms of matter to congregate, and gives her spiritual creation the same bond of social attraction from the gregarious insect to the noblest animal."

Yet farther on we are told:—

"An anecdote relating to this period of Petrarch's life is given by De Sade, which, if accepted with entire credence, must inspire us with astonishment at the poet's devotion to his literary pursuits. He had now, in 1330, put the first hand to his epic poem, 'The Scipiade'; and one of his friends, De Sade, believes that it was the Bishop of Lombes, fearing lest he might injure his health by over-zealous application, went to ask him for the key of his library, which the poet gave up. The bishop then locked up his books and papers, and commanded him to abstain from reading and writing for ten days. Petrarch obeyed; but on the first day of this literary Ramadan, he was seized with ennui, on the second with a severe headache, and on the third with symptoms of fever; the bishop relented, and permitted the student to return to his books and papers."

From this we gather at least that the two passions were contemporaneous, and that the effusions of the Vaulchuse were equally amatory and literary. Mr. C. proceeds to observe:—

"The twentieth year of his devotion to Laura had now elapsed; and, in viewing an attachment so deep and permanent, our sympathy begins to get ahead of our strict morality, and to admire, at least, the poet's consistency. The philosopher Hume has asserted that violent passions always exhaust themselves speedily; but Hume had never felt the most exquisite of all passions, and could not be a true judge of it. I have always thought this assertion unphilosophical. There is no saying, to be sure, what furious caprices may burn but for a short time in weak minds, and disappear like shot stars; but, speaking generally of human nature, and of minds even ordinarily constituted, I am convinced that our intense passions alone are of long duration. Still more permanent are the biases of strong sensibility. Our poet's love was an example of this truth."

He bade her farewell, and says:—

"Though she was not melancholy, she did not appear to have her wonted cheerfulness, but was serious and thoughtful. She did not sing, as usual, nor speak with that voice which used to charm every one. She had the air of a person who fears an evil not yet arrived. 'In taking leave of her,' says Petrarch, 'I sought in her looks for a consolation of my own sufferings. Her eyes had an expression which I had never seen in them before. What I saw in her face seemed to predict the sorrows that threatened me.' This was the last meeting that Petrarch and Laura ever had."

The next year, 1348, she died in his absence of the plague. Mr. C. mentions the date of April 1st, which we believe to be correct; though more romantic biographers fix it on the 6th, the anniversary of that day twenty-one years after Petrarch first saw her.

\* "Ever had?"—how could a poet write these poetic words on such an event?—Ed. L. G.

\* "I copy this twaddle from Archdeacon Coxe, though even with him it was not original. Perhaps the doctor cannot exactly be called Petrarch's biographer, as he made an attempt on the life of the poet, but did not finish him. Yet, as his MSS. are still in the British Museum, let him have the title by courtesy. It is well for him to talk of little minds."

How much the poet was indebted to the Troubadours is an interesting inquiry. In 1330 Petrarch visited Toulouse:—

"De Sade says, that what is termed Provençal poetry was much more cultivated by the Languedocians than by the Provençals, properly so called. The city of Toulouse was considered as the principal seat of this earliest modern poetry, which was carried to perfection in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, under the patronage of the Counts of Toulouse, particularly Raimond V., who was proverbially named the Good, and his son, Raimond VI. Both these princes were despoiled of their estates for favouring the Albigenses. Petrarch speaks with high praise of those poets in his 'Triumphs of Love.' It has been alleged that he owed them this mark of his regard for their having been so useful to him in his Italian poetry; and Nostradamus even accuses him of having stolen much from them. But Tassoni, who understood the Provençal poets better than Nostradamus, defends him successfully from this absurd accusation. It is the opinion of the best judges that Petrarch owed very little to the Troubadours; unless we account as an obligation the extravagant conceits with which he sometimes denaturalises his poetry. Of this obligation, however, if it was such, the poet himself was not conscious."

We are inclined to believe that the poetry alluded to was not so bad as Mr. Campbell alleges; and that Petrarch was more indebted to it than he allows.\* But it is true that both Petrarch and his friend Boccaccio were less the followers of these natural and imaginative bards than the restorers of classic literature. In refining the tempestuous language of Dante, they became the fathers of Italian letters; but their revival of the Greek and Latin forms and ideas set an example of the scholastic style which was imitated by their successors for more than a couple of centuries. In speaking of his learning the former language from Barlaamo, Mr. Campbell delivers the following opinion upon the Hamiltonian system of teaching:—

"Petrarch courted his acquaintance, and eagerly sought to be instructed in Greek. Barlaamo, on his side, wished as much to be acquainted with the Latin tongue. These views soon united them. They began studying Greek by the reading of Plato. One might imagine, from this mode of commencing, that the Hamiltonian system of learning languages, by plunging at once instead of wading into the stream, had been thus early anticipated; and certainly to plunge the Greek disciple into Plato was attempting to teach him, at the same time, both to dive and swim. In point of fact, Petrarch never obtained instruction sufficient to make him a good Grecian. I have great doubts if Petrarch, supposing that he had continued tuition in the Greek language, set about learning it in the right way. Whatever disdain he might feel towards grammars and dictionaries, he was no more above the need of them than any other mortal learner of a dead language. In my humble opinion, the Hamiltonian system is like entering the church by the belfry instead of the church door. The Hamiltonians say: What time is lost by a poor wretch thumping a dictionary, whilst an English word, placed

above a Greek one, would in a few seconds expound its meaning, and allow him, with the lesson full in his memory, to refresh his health by joining his play-fellows on the cricket-ground! All this seems plausible doctrine, but it is practically unsound. The learner of Greek forgets the English interpretation in proportion to the facility with which he obtains it, and remembers a Greek word in proportion to the fatigue which it has cost his thumb and fingers to explore his lexicon. I speak with some experience on this subject, having studied Greek both in Scotland and in Germany, and in neither of those countries did I ever find a sagacious Greek teacher (Heyne's opinion I had from his own mouth), who was not averse to the student of Greek depending on a Latin translation, page by page. I remember, at College, that students who were observed to turn their eyes to the opposite Latin page, were infallibly set down as the worst scholars; and I have no doubt that their squinting at the translation was not only a symptom, but a re-acting cause, of their debility in Greek. It would be a false inference from this misuse of Latin translations to say that they are useless to the Grecian student, or even to the accomplished scholar. No; neither a Porson nor a Heyne ever neglected some as useful sticks with which to poke into some obscurity, and to compare former opinions; but they never used them as crutches for their daily progress."

We have only alluded to Petrarch's travels; but we can hardly dismiss our review without affording a taste of their quality; but we must have another *Gazette* to conclude this review.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Xenophon's Anabasis. Books I. II. III.* With Notes by C. S. Stanford, A.M., Curate of Glasnevin, &c. 8vo. pp. 259. Dublin, 1841. Milliken.

ANCIENT Persia, again, as it might seem, about to be made the theatre of events in which the destinies of nations will be determined, is curiously illustrated by Xenophon's celebrated history; and the modern position and relations of the empire afford an additional interest to works like the present, which, by a careful and learned collocation of authorities, throw a light upon records obscured by time and textual errors. The Bible, Herodotus, Ctesias, Arrian, the later German annotators, and such English writers as Mitford, who have previously investigated the information furnished by Antiquity, have all been judiciously consulted by Mr. Stanford, and the result is an excellent edition of an invaluable author, not unworthy to have been the fellow-student of Plato, and the pupil of Socrates. The verbal, philological, classical, geographical, and historical mass of matter collected and arranged in the notes, deserves the highest praise, and will be found extremely useful to every reader of literary tastes.

*The Last King of Ulster.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Madden and Co.

It is difficult to say, on a perusal of this work, whether it is a fiction of the historical kind, in which real personages are described and put in action, or whether any traditional MSS. preserved at Salamanca, are genuine authorities for its principal features. Be this as it may, it presents a likely picture of the state of Ireland at the close of the sixteenth century,

\* Porson used to say that a Latin translation, in reading Greek, could be useless to no man, unless he was ignorant of Latin."

and also sketches the court of Elizabeth and some of its courtiers, including Harrington, the translator of Ariosto, with considerable verisimilitude. The circumstances of the time are so closely followed, that there is a degree of tameness in the narrative; but upon the whole, the condition of society in Ireland, especially Ulster, Scotland, and the capital and north of England, are well represented. The adventures of the hero, O'Donnell, and of his cousin the beautiful Cathleen—the disguises, warning voices, escapes, political intrigues, battles, feasts, religious ceremonies, &c. &c., which usually fill the melodramatic portions of works of this class, are not wanting here; though they do not excite any very strong interest. From an introduction we gather that the author is a military officer; and from many indications in the style and conduct of the story, he does not seem to be a practised hand in the getting up of literary productions.

*A Guide to Practice on the Piano-forte*, by J. T. Borne, (London, Chappell).—A very small tome, with very short but sensible directions for practice on the piano-forte.

*The Child and the Hermit, or, Sequel to the Story without an End*, by C. M. Pp. 125. (London, Darton and Clark).—It is no easy matter to follow in the train of Mrs. Austin's delectable story from the German, but our author has done her best to point a somewhat similar composition to moral and instructive ends, which the youthful reader may peruse with advantage.

*The Ladies' Magazine of Gardening*, by Mrs. Loudon. Nos. I. II. III. IV. V. (London, Smith).—A very various, we may almost say universal, compendium of useful and ornamental knowledge, as applicable to the cultivation of gardens, and all accessories connected with that agreeable pursuit, including picturesque arrangements, natural history, &c. &c. A multitude of engravings of every kind illustrate the letterpress and adorn the work.

*The Works of Montaigne*, edited by William Hazlitt. Part I. (London, Templeman).—A complete edition of old Montaigne is a desideratum in any language, and we hail with pleasure this commencement of it in a cheap form. It begins with the Essays, and is neatly printed in double columns.

*Pictures of the French, Drawn by Themselves.* New Series, Part I. (London, Orr and Co.).—"The Stockbroker," "The Model," "The Chimney-Sweeper," and "The Parisian Lioness," are the lions of these pages, and are considerably different from the same genera in London. The woodcuts are amusing, and the whole well done.

*Golden Rules of Life.* Pp. 32. (London, Simpkin and Marshall).—A tiny selection from authors of repute, and well meant to inculcate morality and good conduct.

*Golden Rules in Verse*, by Mrs. Wolferstan. Pp. 46. (London, Hastings).—Another effort of the same description, but less directly derived from preceding writers, and done into verse by the amiable author.

*The Orphan of Novogorod, an Illegitim Tale*, by an Ex-Officer of the British Commissariat. Pp. 168. (London, Black and Armstrong).—The early portion of this book conveys to the reader ideas of the habits of Carniola, where the writer was born and educated. It afterwards goes into services in many parts of the world, and offers suggestions on many important subjects.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 14. G. C. Renouard, Esq. in the chair.—1. A letter from Dr. Beke was read, dated Ankober, 3d March. "It is with no little satisfaction," says the Doctor, "that I sit down to write to you from this country. In spite of difficulties, I have been enabled to continue my road; and, after forty-seven days, reached Farri, just in time to save myself from the short rains, which have continued ever since, until the day before yesterday, twenty-five days in all. As I travelled just before they set in, you may conceive that I had drier weather than Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf. This is confirmed by my meeting with no elephants till I came to the shores of the Hawash, whereas they found them a long way off. At present, I understand the river is so swollen that a Bedouin caravan on its banks is unable to pass it. I expect, without vanity, that the communication you will receive from Captain Haines, at the same time with this, will be looked upon as a valuable

\* Since writing this passage from our remembrance of general learning, we happened casually to meet with M. Saint-Pelae's "History of the Troubadours," a translation of which was published by Mr. Cadell in 1779. It fully confirms our expressed opinion, and is a volume well worthy to be consulted by all who take an interest in the revival of literature, and especially of the poetry and romance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.



addition to the geography of Africa. When I get my notes in order, you shall have a number of bearings, and also some *slight* alterations and additions to my map. But I apprehend it is, upon the whole, pretty correct: my observations might be nearer; still they cannot be very far out, and you must make allowances for a young observer with bad eyes, and only a small instrument. But, whatever may be my imperfections, you may rely upon my being a strictly conscientious traveller. I put down just what I observe, and if I afterwards find myself in the wrong, I shall be the first to point out my mistakes. I was in hopes I should have arrived here in time to observe the eclipse of the moon on the 5th, and I did reach Farri, but the weather was so bad, that after all the trouble and extra expense of an escort, I could do nothing: still I should never have forgiven myself, if I had not done all that lay in my power. I went from Dybbin to Farri in twenty-four hours. You will perceive that I place Angolalla in lat.  $9^{\circ} 36' 30''$ , which I think is pretty correct. Gurage, I am told by a native, is eight days to the west, with a little south, perhaps, of Angolalla. The governor of Gurage arrived at Angolalla just before M. Krapf and I left; and he told me that he (an old man) and three priests had travelled from Gurage to Angolalla on foot in four days. Combs and Tamisier were really in Shoa; consequently, they were the first European visitors since the time of the Portuguese Jesuits. After them came Dufé (a Frenchman), who died at Jidda; then Isenberg and Krapf (Germans); next Rochet (French); and then myself, being the first Englishman. Mr. Aitron, you know, died at Farri; and Keilmaer also died on the road. As Fatigar belongs to Shoa, I hope to visit it, and at length lay down the correct course of the Portuguese: at all events you may rely upon my doing all in my power. You will perceive that I make Angolalla 8400 feet above the sea, and Ankober only 8200. This is quite against the evidence of the senses; and M. Krapf, on the road, pointed out to me the height of the Chakka Mountains and of Ankober, and asked how it was possible for Ankober not to be considerably higher than Angolalla; but I had my doubts, which, on my arrival here, were soon confirmed. It is true Ankober is situated in a high mountain in a mountainous country; but after descending the chain of the Chakka Mountains, the country there westward keeps gradually but continually rising, and thus Angolalla, though a comparatively level district, is actually higher than Ankober. The Chakka Mountains form the watershed between the Nile and the Hawash: the Beresa, which we cross on the road to Angolalla, is a tributary of the former. No news of D'Abadie; he will never get through Hurrur. The Pasha's troops have taken Weklma, only two days from Gondar. Fancy my finding here, within 10° of the line, dog-roses, honeysuckles, and jasmines, and blackberries in the hedges, and stinging nettles in the ditches, and buttercups in the fields of grass, quite as fine as in England. Might I not almost fancy myself there? There is every climate in this country."—2. A paper was read, being M. C. F. Rochet's (*d'Héricourt*) 'Account of Adel and Shoa, in Abyssinia.' M. Rochet left Cairo on the 22d February, 1839. Of the two roads which lead from Cairo to Suez, he took the least frequented, that which, lying more to the south, follows the direction of the volcanic formation which extends from Gebel Achmar, about half a league to the east of Cairo, as far as Suez. Here and there, on this

road, are small upheaved mounds of volcanic productions; and about half way between Cairo and Suez, there are two old extinct volcanoes. Suez reckons about 800 inhabitants. The water they use is obtained from two springs; one of them, called El-Bir, is situated about three-quarters of an hour north of the town; its water is brackish, and is given to the animals to drink, and is used for washing; the other, called Kuergada, is on the Asiatic side of the Gulf, at the foot of a hill, three leagues to the south-east of Suez; its waters, also, are slightly brackish. This spring never fails, and the basin which it has formed at its mouth is thirty feet in circumference. At half a league from it are fifteen other springs of brackish water in the vicinity of each other; these are the fountains of Moses. M. Rochet took the level of the port at the flood (which happens every twelve hours) on the 1st, 2d, 4th, 6th, and the 7th of March; the mean rise by the five observations was 1.517 metres, or five feet very nearly. The anchorage at Suez is very dangerous; whereas that at Eltorra is very safe, and might serve as a landing-place, says M. Rochet, for the merchandise of India, which must some day come by the Red Sea, and arrive in Europe across the Isthmus of Suez. Sherm, in the Gulf of Akaba, is a safe harbour, and sufficiently capacious and deep to contain thirty large vessels. The coast of the two gulfs of Suez and Akaba present a soil of upheaved volcanic production, and this is continued all the way from Akaba to Jidda, and even to the straits of Bab-el-mandeb. The little island in the strait is volcanic, as are the hills surrounding Aden. M. Rochet landed in the Bay of Tajurah, which may be from thirty-two to thirty-four leagues long, and six or seven wide. This extensive channel, whose entrance is obstructed by an infinite number of small islands, is studded, throughout its whole extent, with reefs at seven, five, three, and even two feet only below the surface of the water, which causes it to be a very dangerous harbour; besides which, it is exposed to impetuous winds from the west-by-south, and north-by-west. The little village of Tajurah, at the bottom of the channel, consists of about 300 wretched hovels, with a population of about 500 or 600 inhabitants. The spot itself and its environs is a complete scene of aridity and desolation. In June and August the heat was excessive, ranging in the huts from  $41^{\circ} 5$  Fahr. to  $140^{\circ}$ . From Tajurah in Adel to the kingdom of Shoa is 129 leagues, which can be traversed only when the rains have filled the natural reservoirs met with on the road; at any other season the traveller runs the risk of dying with thirst. The vast desert which forms the country of Adel is an upheaved volcanic formation, rarely susceptible of cultivation, and still more rarely cultivated. It is traversed in all directions by chains of hills of moderate height, bearing the impress of subterranean fire. The quantity of lava met with is prodigious. About twenty-one leagues from Tajurah there is a lake which formerly was part of the Bay of Tajurah, but which is now separated from it by a valley of four leagues long and nine leagues wide. The lava met with is of various characters, and, in some places, it is from 130 to 140 feet thick. There is also a multitude of truncated cones enveloped in vitrified lava. "I have visited," says M. Rochet, "Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli, but the lava of all these volcanoes together can afford no terms of comparison for that which I have observed in the neighbourhood of the Hawash." In Adel

there are a great number of extinct volcanoes, but the traveller did not see one in a state of activity. From Tajurah to Shoa M. Rochet met with twenty-three thermal springs, whose temperature varied from  $151^{\circ} 25$  Fahr. to the boiling point. In the interior of the country to the distance of fifty leagues from the sea, there is a stratum of siliceo-calcareous clay, containing an immense quantity of fossil shells. The population of the kingdom of Adel is composed of several nomadic tribes, whose sole occupation is tending flocks; several among them are given to plunder, and are much dreaded by the caravans that pass through this country. These tribes call themselves by the national appellation of Danakils, but have no other bond of union than identity of language, which assimilates more with that of the Gallas than any other. The Danakils are a fine race, connected with the Caucasian, and very different from the real negro race. They are Mahomedans, and those of Tajurah fanatical; but on penetrating into the interior of the country, religion shades off, so that in many places there are no religious observances at all. The Danakils live chiefly on milk: tradition makes them come originally from Arabia. In affairs of war they obey implicitly their Ras, or chief; at other times the affairs of the Kabil are decided in a council by a majority of voices. The chief town of Adel is Aussa, twenty-five leagues from Tajurah; it consists of about 1400 or 1500 houses, with a population of 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, who are cultivators and traders. The soil in the neighbourhood is productive, and supplies the greater part of the kingdom with doura. Near Aussa there is a great lake, whose waters overflow yearly, and cover the soil with a fertilising sediment. From Tajurah to the banks of the Hawash, the desert surface of the country is wandered over by various animals—antelopes, two varieties of gazelles, wild asses, ostriches, and pinnudoes; but the animal met with in the greatest abundance is the spotted hyæna. The environs of the Hawash are frequented by lions, panthers, hyænas, elephants, hippopotami, zebras, wild asses, antelopes, gazelles, chamois, goats, and an infinite number of birds of various kinds. The vegetation is very limited; there are a few gum-bearing trees and aloes. On crossing the Hawash, we enter the kingdom of Shoa, where the traveller is surprised and delighted by the beauty of the landscape, particularly as contrasted with the bleak and barren Adel. The mountains, which extend north and south, form a magnificent amphitheatre, decorated by a splendidly varied and vigorous vegetation. The soil is fertile and regularly cultivated. The climate is even more agreeable than that of Egypt, so justly celebrated, and these advantages are general throughout the whole of Shoa. The provinces subject to the King of Shoa compose a nearly circular domain of 100 leagues in diameter. The surface is traversed by five systems of mountains. The culminating point seems to be in the province of Zemettia, where one of the mountain-chains divides the basin of the Nile from that of the Hawash. After the Nile, which makes a bend of about thirty leagues in the kingdom of Shoa, the principal river is the Hawash, whose sources M. Rochet says he was the first European to visit. They are situated in the province of Zemettia-Galla, and consist of several pools of different sizes, the largest of which may be gone round in five or seven minutes; some of them communicate with each other, and their united overflowings give rise to the Hawash. This river flows

from S.W. to E.N.E., and running through the southern parts of Shoa, in a course of two hundred leagues, empties itself into the lake of Aussa, which may be about fifty leagues in circumference at the time of the rains in Abyssinia. It appears from an examination of the several water-courses, that the general slope of the surface in the kingdom of Shoa is from south-west to north-east. There are several small lakes in this kingdom; the most important is that of Souaé, about ten leagues in circumference. In some of them carbonate of soda is found in the morning crystallised on the margin. In general, the soil is of primitive formation, but in the eastern part there are evident marks of volcanic convulsions. At nineteen leagues from Ankober, there is a volcano in activity; it has but a single crater, and its edge is adorned with sulphur of every shade: smoke is ever issuing from it, and at no great distance there are several extinct volcanoes. At eight leagues from Ankober there are warm springs; elsewhere, also, there are boiling springs. These, together with the prodigious quantity of lava, &c., prove this part of Africa to have been formerly the seat of subterranean fire, not yet wholly extinct, though the violence of its eruptions is calmed. The principal wealth of the country is agriculture; the climate and soil are sources of great fecundity. There are two rainy seasons in the year, the great rains begin about the middle of June, and last, at most, three months. The lesser rains make their appearance at different times in different parts of the country; they last fifteen or twenty days, and fall in violent but intermittent showers. Although not of great extent, the kingdom of Shoa has two very distinct climates; in one the air is cool and light, and the agriculturist has two crops a-year of wheat, barley, clover, doura, beans, or flax, from the same field, and the trees are covered with a constant verdure. Nevertheless agriculture throughout the kingdom is in its infancy. The Abyssinians use the ancient plough, which they make so simple and light that a man may carry it for the distance of a league without being fatigued, to this plough they yoke oxen; they mow and reap with a toothed sickle; they do not harrow, and the grain is trampled out of the ear by oxen. The most valuable production of the kingdom of Shoa is the cotton-tree, cotton being the only substance used in the clothing of the inhabitants. "The cotton," says M. Rochet, "is of the finest quality, I know of nothing that can equal its silky softness;" the cultivation of it is, at present, confined to what is necessary for the consumption of the country. The *Indigifera hirsula* grows spontaneously, but the natives are ignorant of its properties, and make no use of it. Coffee being prohibited to the Amharras, they do not cultivate it. Not so with the Gallas; the coffee of Ifat-Angouba is equal in value to that of Mocha. Vines are in small quantity, but are of very good flavour, and would make excellent wine, but the Abyssinians are unacquainted with this beverage. There are few fruit-trees; the pomegranate, the cedrolia, the banana, and the vine, are the only fruits of the country, and they ripen naturally. The kingdom of Shoa is divided, both as regards territory and population, into three distinct nations, inhabited severally by the Mahomedans, the Christians, and the Gallas. The total population may be estimated at 1,500,000: of which the Gallas form the principal portion; the Christians come next; and, lastly, the Mahomedans. The

Amharras are a superb race, well-formed, fine-featured, muscular, and of surprising agility. The Gallas are one of the finest races, but they are not aborigines of Abyssinia. Their physical characters proclaim them descended from the Caucasian race. The Abyssinians owe to Christian traditions, which they retain, a sort of civilisation, with milder manners and more polished usages than the Gallas: their race, being the most enlightened, is that which governs. The present king, Salesallasi, belongs to it, and is a most intelligent prince; he is the only one of the sovereigns of Abyssinia who descends from the ancient emperors, whose genealogy, resting on the testimony of native historians, ascends to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FROM a recently read paper by Mr. Gould, on that most singular and anomalous bird the Brush turkey (*Tulegalla Lathamii*), of New South Wales, the following notes are given:—The brush turkey does not hatch its own eggs, but employs for that purpose similar means to those now in use for artificial incubation. For some weeks prior to the period of laying, it collects together an immense mass of vegetable matter, varying from two to four cart-loads, with which it forms a pyramidal heap; in this heap it plants its eggs, about eighteen inches deep, and from nine to twelve inches apart. The eggs, which are always placed with the large end upwards, being carefully covered, are then left to hatch by the heat engendered by the decomposition of the surrounding matter. The heaps are formed by the labours of several pairs of birds, and frequently contain as many eggs as would fill a bucket. The eggs are white, about three inches and three quarters long by two and a half in diameter; and having an excellent flavour, are eagerly sought after. A specimen of the brush turkey which Mr. Gould had an opportunity of observing in Mr. Macleay's garden at Sidney, had formed a heap in a shrubbery similar to that it would have made in its native woods. Around and over this heap the bird was seen to strut in the same way as the domestic cock, at the same time frequently uttering a clucking noise. The flesh is of a pale salmon colour, juicy and tender. After all he had seen of the bird in a state of a nature, Mr. Gould had no hesitation in assigning it a place among the *Gallinaceæ*, among which it has a nearer alliance to *Cracida* than to any other group; at all events is in no way allied to the *Kulturida*, as Mr. Swainson would have it; and is equally distant from *Menura*, with which it has been classed by some writers.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, June 11 (last evening meeting of the season).—Mr. Fownes, 'On the Application of Chemistry to Agriculture,' divided his subject into three general sections—the history of soil; the phenomena of vegetation; and the principle and practice of agriculture. Much attention has been of late years directed to the improvement of the art of producing food. To attain to a rational system of agriculture, a knowledge of the chemical nature of soils and of the necessities of plants is the chief requisite. Certain well-founded data, of which it is to be regretted little use has hitherto been made, have been already established by analysis. But before all the facts can be fully known, analyses without number must

be conducted, and much expense incurred. The lucid manner in which the subject was discussed was creditable to Mr. Fownes, an abstract, such as our space would permit at present, would not however do him justice. Mr. Hellyer, after the lecture, requested the co-operation of the members for the evening meetings of the next season, and announced the gratifying fact of improvement in Faraday's health, which he hoped foreign travel would perfectly restore. In this hope we most cordially join.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Bishop of Norwich in the chair.—Among the visitors was Dr. H. Burmeister, the celebrated entomologist; and among the books presented was Part III. of Mr. Gould's new work on the Birds of Australia.—Read, a communication 'On a Reformed Character of the Genus *Cryptolepis* of Brown,' by Dr. Falconer, Superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Serampore. This plant was referred by Mr. Brown, in his monograph, to the family *Apocynææ*; which arrangement appears to have been followed by subsequent writers: but Dr. Falconer considers it to be more nearly related to the *Asclepiadææ*.—Read, also, a description 'Of an Additional Species of *Pausanias*, from the East Indies,' by Mr. J. O. Westwood.—This was the last meeting of the session.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, June 15th.—Read, 1st, a letter from Mr. Martyn Roberts, describing 'Experiments which Shew some Points in which Heat and Electricity differ.' The conclusion drawn by the writer was, that electricity will not radiate after the manner of heat, but can only be transferred by actual convection.—2. A translation of a paper by M. Jacobi, 'On Observations made by M. Becquerel, upon the Nitric Acid Battery.' Becquerel attributes the great superiority of its power to the reaction of the nitric acid on the acid water, compared with the like reaction of the sulphate of copper in ordinary batteries. Jacobi admits this effect, but considers it nothing in comparison with the great superiority obtained. He gives several interesting facts in support of his opinion. They will be published in full in the forthcoming July number of the "Proceedings of the Society," the first two sheets of which were on the table.—3. 'An Account of an Atmospheric Electrical Apparatus Erected over the Town of Sandwich, consisting of 365 Yards of Wire attached to the Spires of two Churches, and Supported Midway by High Chimneys,' by Mr. W. H. Weekes. It principally treated of the mode of erection and insulation of this extent of wire.—4. Extract of a letter addressed to Mr. Gassiot, from Mr. Coleen, describing 'Experiments in Electrotyping a Daguerreotype.' It is remarkable that the picture on the electrotyping plate was not visible until it had been exposed to the light of the sun.—5th. was submitted 'A Register of the Electric State of the Atmosphere in relation to the Meteorological Phenomena for the month of May, 1841, from Observations made by Mr. Weekes' Apparatus.' A monthly series of such records are to be furnished to the Society, and will be by them periodically published in the "Proceedings." The details are most interesting, and cannot fail greatly to assist the very extended inquiry now universally in operation as to meteorological phenomena.

## CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

At the last meeting of the Oxford Architectural Society, Dr. Buckland in the chair, after the routine business, &c., a paper was read by the Rev. H. G. Liddell of Christ Church, 'On the Principles to be Followed in the Restoration of Old Buildings, especially Churches.' Societies, no less than individuals, when much interested in one object, are apt to become either microscopic or one-sided in their views; both these tendencies are a kind of peadantry, a fault to which all persons are liable who confine their views too much to one object, and against which it may be useful to warn this and other similar societies. Many people who, to avoid offence, may be called, not Pedants, but Purists, seeing a fine old church disfigured, as they would say, by alterations, would begin sweeping all such disfigurements clean away, and restoring the church just as it stood when built. But the alterations of old buildings are, in great part, their history, and however much you may restore, you cannot recover the original work, a good deal must be guess work; and so you may be removing what is of the highest possible interest, to make room for work, correct indeed as a copy, but in itself of little or no value. In all cases it is necessary to distinguish between additions and insertions, which leave the original work entire, and which, there, it is only necessary to remove, in order to restore the building to its original form, and substitutions, where the original work has been destroyed, and can only be restored by conjecture. The flat plaster ceilings, so common in all parts of the country, are examples of insertions, the mere removal of which would in itself be a great good, and would frequently restore a fine window to its original proportions, as at Haseley. The west front of Peterborough Cathedral, and the porch of St. Peter's Church, Oxford, are instances of additions or substitutions, which no one would think of removing. The windows of Ifley Church are a more doubtful example, on which there is much difference of opinion; some are for removing the insertions of the fifteenth century from the original openings of the twelfth, the jambs of which are sufficiently perfect to be restored without any conjecture: others are for retaining them. The Rev. Mr. Woolcombe, the curate of Ifley, who was present, stated that there is no intention of touching the side windows, but that the circular window at the west end and the roof are to be restored, which all must agree to be most desirable.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, June 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Rev. T. B. Fooks, late Fellow of New College.

*Masters of Arts*.—J. L. Thomson, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; G. Hinton, Rev. A. Austrey, H. Tripp, Scholar, Rev. H. Gosse, Rev. H. Ward, Rev. P. Young, Rev. F. Courtenay, Exeter College; Rev. C. H. Martyn, Lincoln College; C. J. Penny, Rev. G. T. Berkeley, Queen's College; Rev. E. Burney, W. G. S. Addison, Rev. J. Hayes, R. W. Mayow, Magdalen Hall; T. Meyrick, Scholar of C. C. College; W. Mathias, Brasenose College; Rev. J. G. Sheppard, Scholar, Rev. F. Marshall, Wadham College; Rev. T. A. Eschallaz, Rev. J. J. Rogers, T. Gunner, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Rendall, Balliol College; A. De Tessier, Scholar of Corpus College; E. S. Foulkes, Scholar of Jesus College; H. W. Toms, Exeter College; A. Ugan, St. John's College; W. Thorn, University College; W. J. Garnett, A. H. W. Ingram, Christ Church; R. Bell, Worcester College (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin).

CAMBRIDGE, June 2d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Rev. R. Higgs, Fellow of St. John's College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law*, by Commutation.—Rev. W. H. Butler, Christ Church.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. R. Gardner, Rev. G. Warriner, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Edwards, Lincoln College; Rev. W. H. Vernon, Magdalen Hall; A. Cox, Christ Church; Rev. J. Lawrell, Merton College; Rev. R. Hill, Fellow of Balliol College; Rev. R. W. Majou, Rev. H. W. Lloyd, Scholars, Rev. M. Davies, Jesus College; Rev. J. Tracey, Rev. C. E. Strong, Wadham College; Rev. H. Jodrell, Exeter College; J. Davis, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. R. Quirk, T. Bourne, M. Tylee, St. Edmund Hall; M. Terry, Scholar, C. W. Belgrave, Exhibitioner, B. Hallows, Lincoln College; C. C. Southey, E. L. Howell, Queen's College; F. E. Lott, B. B. G. Atley, St. Alban Hall; C. J. M. Mottram, V. W. Ryan, Magdalen Hall; Hon. H. P. Cholmondeley, C. H. Collins; W. Barnes, W. J. Whately, W. F. Hotham, F. H. Murray, E. K. Karaske, Students; S. H. Skrine, H. C. Key, J. Le Mesurier, G. F. Morgan, W. Cobb, Christ Church; W. Jackson, Scholar; W. A. Hill, E. W. T. Chave, T. S. Hewitt, Worcester College; H. Harris, Demy of Magdalen College; C. P. Chretien, J. Walker, Brasenose College; J. J. Reynolds, H. A. Bowles, St. John's College; J. N. Hinkman, C. Dolben, H. W. Forester, W. Taylor, Trinity College; E. J. G. H. Rich, Fellow of New College; J. P. Bremridge, W. C. Dowling, Exeter College; D. J. Evans, Scholar; R. P. Williams, Jesus College.

On June 5th, the Porson Prize (the interest of 400*l.* stock) was adjudged to Mr. George Druce, of St. Peter's College. Subject: *Shakspeare, Tempest*, Act IV. sc. 1, beginning

"This is most strange,"

"To still my beating mind."

Translated into Greek verse.—*Oxford Herald*.

June 9th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors in Divinity*.—S. E. Walker, Trinity College; J. N. Peill, Fellow of Queen's College; J. Sheal, C. C. College.

*Masters of Arts*.—J. Clarke, H. Thomson, Fellows, St. John's College; T. C. Grover, Emmanuel College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—J. H. Keane, Trinity College.

*Bachelors in Physic*.—F. Thackeray, D. W. Cohen, Calus College.

*Bachelors in Arts*.—G. H. Deffell, E. Colman, Trinity College; A. W. Hall, St. Peter's College; H. Wortham, Jesus College; H. E. Bullivant, W. Laverack, H. Jones, Catherine Hall; J. S. Money, E. Graest, T. Tudball, Emmanuel College; J. B. Webb, C. C. College; W. Balhetcher Budd, J. S. Oxley, Queen's College; J. Hitchcock, Christ's College; H. J. Harding, Pembroke College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Botanic, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

*Saturday*.—Mathematical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATION.

*Her Majesty*. Painted by W. C. Ross, A.R.A.; Engraved by F. Bacon. London, Colnaghi and Puckle.

WE have spoken of the fidelity of Mr. Ross's miniature likenesses, and have now to report upon the spirit with which Mr. F. Bacon has transferred this striking resemblance of the Queen to the copper. It represents her Majesty with the Order of the Garter, and a bracelet of Prince Albert, leaning on a table where there is a vase of flowers. It is a full face, with the hair naturally braided, and an expression of gentleness and thought. Among the many portraits of our gracious sovereign, it deserves no second place.

## THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre*.—Rachel took her benefit and her leave of us on Monday, in Lebrun's tragedy, adulterated from Schiller, of *Marie Stuart*; in which she personated the unhappy Queen of Scotland. Every thing we have seen of this actress, and every

judicious critique we have read upon her, confirm our first impressions, as recorded in the *Literary Gazette*; viz. that she is great in working out the details of elocution, and especially of sarcasm and scorn. Her forte is in lines, and half lines, and words; and she abounds in looking and acting to admiration. Duchesnois would be content with six or eight strokes of force and passion in a whole play of Racine; Rachel presents a hundred. She has hardly any level. On this occasion the text affords her fewer opportunities for the exercise of her peculiar talent than any other character in which she has appeared, and her personation, though still striking, was consequently less effective. She was, however, vehemently applauded, and the stage strewn with bouquets. Madame Irma Laporte was a majestic *Elizabeth*, and Madame Larché a very interesting *Anna Kennedy*. Rachel has been re-engaged for five nights.

*Drury Lane*.—*Der Freischütz* on Thursday introduced a new lady, Demoiselle Mayer, in the part of *Agatha*. With due allowance for nervousness on a first appearance, her voice seemed to us to be hard and unmusical, and her acting tame. Herr Steiner, in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Tichatschek, sustained the part of *Max*, and gave some of the airs with much sweetness.

*Asley's Theatre*.—The sympathy excited towards the sufferers thrown out of bread by the destruction of this theatre has led to several propositions of a generous nature with the view to alleviate their distress. Among others a public subscription has been set on foot, and a considerable sum already raised. M. Schumann and the German company have also come promptly and liberally forward to give their property and services to a benefit; and we have no doubt the good example will be followed in other places; indeed, Mr. Hall of the Strand Theatre has already shewn the way, by opening one night for a benefit. In the provinces, too, an expedition by Ducrow would be eminently successful; so that, on the whole, we entertain a sanguine hope that the calamity may not ultimately fall quite so heavily upon him and his company as the first blow seemed to threaten. Mr. Ducrow, we understand, has taken Vauxhall Gardens for equestrian performances, &c.

Mr. Russell, whose talents have enlivened the stage for more than half a century, is about to bid the public farewell; for which occasion he is to take a benefit night at the Haymarket, on the 1st of next month. Though sorry that it should be needed, we are glad also to see that a subscription has been commenced in order to increase the fund to be thus raised on behalf of so old, so popular, and so respected a member of the theatrical profession. No man on or off the boards has maintained a more honourable character than Mr. Russell; and the friends of the drama will do well to remember his merits at this opportunity. Kealey alone, and hardly Kealey, is capable of filling several parts he was wont to play so admirably.

*Opera Concert Room*.—The fifth Society Armonica concert, on Wednesday evening, was very fully attended. Dorus Gras was the star, and nothing could be more charming than her warbling. The sixth and last concert promises to be excellent. Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache are announced for it.

*Hamover Square Rooms*.—On Monday Mrs. W. H. Seguin and Miss Bruce Wyatt held their annual concert. Both very delightful



vocalists, and estimable as private individuals, we rejoiced to see a large and distinguished audience answer to their call for patronage. The programme was attractive, and the good taste of the *beneficiaires* (both English and pupils of the Royal Academy of music) shewn by a fair portion of their national music being selected.

### VARIETIES.

**H. B.'s.**—Four new ones, 689 to 692. The first is Lord Melbourne shewing "dissolving views" to the court, John Bull, and his fellow ministers; whilst Peel and the opposition are looking at them from behind. His lordship himself is almost disappearing, and the whole scene, with some twenty persons, is one of the most original of the artist's humorous conceptions. "A Travestie of the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis" (Peel and the Queen) is capital. Lord John, as the Goddess of Discord, is throwing the apple, inscribed "new budget," on the altar of the constitution. Thetis is fainting into the arms of her attendant, Lord Melbourne; and Peleus looks awfully dismayed. O'Connell, as the Goddess of Wisdom, is backing Discord. "A Good Man struggling with Difficulties,—a Sight worthy of the Gods," embodies Peel's happy hit at the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, with the navy and army estimates on either side of him, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. O'Connell, is truly woe-begone. "The Little attempting to Walk in the Footsteps of the Great;" Lord John, in miniature, trying to tread in the mighty steps of a gigantic and shadowy Pitt: both figures are admirable.

**The Niger Expedition.**—A letter in the "Liverpool Albion" states that, after a very stormy voyage of nearly a month's duration, and being driven into Lisbon, the Soudan had arrived at Teneriffe on the 14th of May. On the 18th she was to start for the Cape de Verd Islands, where the Wilberforce was expected to join, and the Expedition proceeded for the coast of Africa, which it would reach in August.

**The New Projectile.**—This formidable arm of war has been brought under notice in the House of Commons, but with no immediate result.

**Booksellers' Provident Institution.**—We rejoice to say, that at the anniversary meeting of this excellent association, at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, John Murray, Esq. in the chair, a most satisfactory and cheering account of its prosperity was given; and the company of its friends and supporters enjoyed a truly social day.

**Cambridge Architectural Society.**—May 26th, new members admitted, and presents received.—A paper was read by the Rev. T. W. Warren, of Christ Church, "On the Church of Gravelle," near Havre de Grace, Normandy. This interesting church is in the rich Norman style, cruciform, with a tower at the intersection; from the frequent use of the Sagittarius, or mounted archer, as an ornament, which occurs also at Ilfley Church, and from the general resemblance of style, it may safely be pronounced of the same age with that church; and it has been pointed out, in a former paper, by Mr. Newton, that this, being the favourite badge of King Stephen, may be considered as a mark that the buildings were erected in his reign. The outside of the north transept is ornamented by the arcades of intertracing semi-circular arches so frequently employed at that period, and from which Dr. Milnes drew his theory of the origin of the pointed arch. This example, however, serves rather to contradict

than to support the theory, as in the same wall are small round-headed windows. This gave occasion to introduce some extracts from Professor Whewell and Mr. Willis, "On the Origin of the Pointed Arch."—A paper was also read by Mr. Grey, of Magdalene Hall, "On Horsepath Church," near Oxford.

**Edmund Spenser.**—A gentleman of the name of Spenser, of Halifax, Esq. it is stated, in searching among family papers, discovered that the poet's relatives lived at Hurstwood, in Lancashire, and that it is probable his northern retreat was there.

**Clewer Ghost.**—A long account of supernatural noises in a cottage at Clewer, near Windsor, is given in all the newspapers. They consist, like the Cock Lane ghost, of violent knocking (in this instance) upon a door, and which to watching clergy, magistrates, and neighbours, are said to be incomprehensible. So much for our enlightened age!

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Park and the Forest: consisting of Twenty-six Specimens of Landscape Scenery, &c. drawn on stone by Mr. J. D. Harding, from his original studies, and printed by C. Hullmandel, according to his late patent improvements in Lithography.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Scotland, by P. F. Tytler, Esq. new edition, Vol. II. post 8vo. 6s.—*Selections from a Series of Mathematical Calculations*, made by G. H. Hoger, a Deaf and Dumb Pupil of Mr. H. B. Bingham, 8vo. sewed, 1s. 6d.—*Consolations in Sickness*, by the Rev. T. Broadhurst, 8vo. sewed, 1s.—*An Essay on Manure*, by S. Pyle, 8vo. sewed, 9d.—*Influence of Corn-Laws on Manufacturers and Commerce*, by J. Dennis, B.C.L. 9d.—*Romanism and Catholicism*; Lectures, by the Rev. J. Sartin, 8vo. 9s.—*A Present for Little Boys and Girls*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Elementary Instruction for Junior Students*, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—*The Little Wife and the Baronet's Daughters*, by Mrs. Grey, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—*The Round Table*: a Collection of Essays, by W. Hazlitt, 3d edition, fcap. 6s.—*Bishop Patrick on the Holy Communion*, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy*, Vol. VI. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—*The Prisoners of Australia*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Traditions of Western Germany*, by Capt. C. Knox, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—*Laurence's Lay-Baptism*, fcap. 6s.—*A Course of Lectures to Young Men*, by Ministers of Glasgow, &c. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—*Monthly Examinations in Geography*, &c. by P. Prince, 12mo. 3s.—*The Eldership of the Church of Scotland*, by the Rev. J. G. Lorimer, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—*The Modern Jew*, Anon., 8vo. and fcap. 6d.—*Compared*, by J. A. Wylie, 12mo. 7s.—*P. Rouse's Manual for Election Agents*, square, 5s. 6d.—*Notitia Venatica*: a Treatise on Fox-Hunting, by R. T. Vyner, Esq. royal 8vo. 2s. 2s.—*Ireland*; its Scenery, Character, &c. by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Vol. I. imp. 8vo. 11s.—*Memoranda on France, Italy, and Germany*, by E. Lee, post-8vo. 10s. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 10	From 42 to 67	29.79 to 29.66
Friday .. 11	44 .. 56	29.65 .. 29.74
Saturday .. 12	45 .. 61	29.75 .. 29.92
Sunday .. 13	37 .. 67	29.74 .. 30.01
Monday .. 14	35 .. 68	29.98 .. 29.95
Tuesday .. 15	52 .. 65	29.95 .. 29.99
Wednesday 16	36 .. 68	30.12 .. 30.13

Wind, north and north-west from the 10th till the 14th; west and north-west on the 15th; and south-west on the 16th.

Except the mornings of the 10th and two following days, generally clear; a little rain fell on the 11th and 12th.

Rain fallen, .005 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We quite regret that any correspondent should have taken up the sportive remark on Mrs. Thwaites' portrait, by Chalon, in our last, as indicative of a wish either to turn the artist or his subject into ridicule. It was a good-humoured joke on a richly-dressed and excellently-painted subject; and in our mercantile country, Mrs. T. has no need to be ashamed of her wealth having been derived from an honourable and lucrative branch of trade. It is much more to the purpose and to her credit, that she employs the fortune so obtained in the most liberal patronage of the arts and munificent charities. Where so noble a use is made of money, it is impossible that the most heartless could intend to speak of its possessor with a sneer.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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England .....	30 by 24	0 7 6
Ditto, .....	24 by 20	0 4 6
Ditto, .....	12 by 9	0 2 6
Ireland .....	30 by 24	0 7 6
Ditto, .....	24 by 20	0 4 6
Ditto, .....	12 by 9	0 2 6
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North, Italy South, Prussia, Sweden and		
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School Classical Atlas .....	21	11 by 8 1/2	0 4 0

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